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THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

SEPTEMBER, 1906

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Literary Conscience Money

Some interesting details have been given out lately as to the sums voluntarily paid to British novelists by American publishers before the days of international copyright. It is not quite true that these payments were due wholly to a sense of moral obligation, though the leading motive was a very honourable one. Any American firm could reprint at once whatever issued from the English presses; but some publishers arranged with British authors for advance sheets of forthcoming works, thus enabling them to get the start of "piratical" firms which paid the author nothing. It is interesting to observe the occasional disparity between the merit of the book and the price paid. The whole thing was in the nature of a leap in the dark. Often the sum given by the American publisher was really more than the American rights would probably have been worth had it been possible to secure them by copyright. Thus Anthony Trollope got $3500 for *Sir Harry Hotspur*—one of his poorest novels—George Eliot $8500 for *Daniel Deronda,* and Charles Reade $5000 for *A Woman Hater.* No publisher to-day would pay any such sums for these books—if he were permitted to read them before buying. On the other hand, by way of compensation, the very best books brought their authors only trifling returns from America. Charles Reade received only $250 for *Put Yourself in His Place,* $1000 for *Hard Cash*—these being two of his finest novels—and $1000 for *Love Me Little, Love Me Long.* Thackeray got only $750 for *The Newcomes,* and $500 for *Henry Esmond!* Trollope obtained from the Harpers $125 for *The Bertrams,* $250 for *Castle Richmond,* $250 for *Rachel Ray,* $500 for *Phineas Finn,* $250 for *Phineas Redux,* and $1000 each for *The Eustace Diamonds, Orley Farm, Lady Anna,* and *Ralph the Heir.* The $500 for his *Cicero* is fully as much as any American publisher would give to-day for the copyright of such a book. George Eliot received only $100 for *Adam Bede* and $500 for *Silas Marner. The Mill on the Floss* brought her $1500. Wilkie Collins and Dickens were the most popular authors of the pre-copyright period, and they fared best of all at the hands of their authorised American publishers. The former drew from this country $1800 for *The Woman in White,* $3750 each for *The Moonstone* and *Man and Wife,* and $3000 for *Poor Miss Finch.* To Dickens the Harpers paid $1250 for *Little Dorrit,* $1800 for *Bleak House,* $5000 each for *Our Mutual Friend* and *A Tale of Two Cities,* and $7500 for *Great Expectations*—this last representing the high-water mark of such voluntary payments.

On the whole, one is surprised at the generosity of these payments, which in no case gave to the firm that made them more than a few weeks advantage over less scrupulous rivals. Many readers, in fact, refused to purchase the authorised

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editions, knowing that by waiting a short time the same books could be had at half the price, or—in paper covers—for a fifth of the price. We should very much like to see an authoritative list of voluntary payments made by British publishers to American writers whose works were popular in England. How much, for instance, did Longfellow ever gain from the immense English sale of his poems? How much was remitted from London to Lowell and Hawthorne and Emerson, or to Mrs. Stowe? Prescott received something, but very little after the House of Lords decided that American books could not be protected by an English copyright. Motley got something also, but not very much, and he practically published his own first book, *The Rise of the Dutch Republic,* to which London firms gave a very cold shoulder. These matters are of interest because they exhibit the other side of a once hotly debated question. Englishmen have seldom realised that American authors used to suffer in Britain just as British authors suffered in America. And the reason why they have not realised it is found in the characteristic circumstance that after an American author gains a certain foothold in England he is calmly assumed to be an Englishman! Anthony Trollope with his downright honesty admitted this in his *North America.* We have ourselves seen included in the lists of "British Authors," advertised in London and Liverpool, the names of Hawthorne, Lowell and Prescott.

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"Disagreeable" Books

Last month Mr. Sinclair's book, *The Jungle,* appeared at the head of the best-selling books, as recorded in our pages. This was to have been expected, for surely never did any novel in our times receive such extraordinary notice, both in quantity and quality. *The Jungle* stirred the President of the United States to official action; it made Congress legislate; it was read all over Europe, and was quoted in the debates of the British Parliament; and it led to the cancelling of contracts in the commissariat of foreign armies. No wonder it reached the first place among the six "best sellers." But what is really surprising is the fact that, in the graded list of last month while *The Jungle* stood first, it won, first, so to speak, only by a neck. Mr. Winston Churchill's *Coniston* came within four points of equalling *The Jungle* in its sales. Now Mr. Churchill's *Coniston* is a very good book —the best thing that he has ever done—yet it has not been "pushed" by its publishers in any sensational way nor has it had the lime-light turned upon it by the grimy hands of scandal. Yet it came within four points of *The Jungle!* Why is this? Why should all the *réclame* that has been Mr. Sinclair's have done comparatively so little for his book? Because, some one will say, *The Jungle* is a "disagreeable" book, and a disagreeable book never wins supreme success. Readers like good, pleasant, merry fiction—the Dickens kind, with holly-berries and a bowl of punch and wedding-bells at the end. This is true enough, but only partly true; or rather it lacks a certain discrimination in its truth.

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For many "disagreeable" books have had a great success. Not to go too far back in literary history, Zola's books were "disagreeable," and Tolstoy's most-read books—*Anna Karénina* and *The Kreutzer Sonata*—were "disagreeable," and so are all of Hardy's—*Tess* most of all—and so was *Sir Richard Calmady.* Yet these stories made a deep impression upon the mind of the reading public, and they not only sold but they go on selling. The mere fact that a book is in general "disagreeable" does not then bar it from public favour nor diminish the vogue due to its intrinsic merits. Why then has *The Jungle's* success not been more spectacular and pronounced from a commerical point of view? Why has it not reached the startling vogue of *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* for example? The answer lies in a definition of what is meant by "disagreeable." A book is not disagreeable merely because it lacks the conventional "happy ending" of which Dr. Cooper wrote some very sensible things in our August number. It is not disagreeable in the re-

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pellant sense even when it harrows the feelings and shocks one's traditional prejudices. Such a book may still make a wide appeal. But a book which gives one the sensation of having come into contact with something physically unclean, that makes you figuratively and almost literally wish to take a bath after reading it—that is the sort of book which can never be popular or re-read, even though it achieve a momentary *succès de scandale.* Such books, for example, are the psychopathic fiction of Mrs. Voynich, *Jack Raymond,* and such is Octave Mirbeau's *Mémoires d'une Femme de Chambre.* Healthy minds recoil from them, and fortunately the great majority of readers have healthy minds. Mr. Sinclair's book is disagreeable in the same way—necessarily so—and its inevitable suggestion of the nauseating bars it from the lists of books that one reads for intellectual pleasure. For one thing, women will not read it; and unless women read a novel, it can have no success that is enduring. The assertion that disagreeable books are never popular is, therefore, true if we define the word "disagreeable" in this manner; and our definition explains why, in spite of all the international advertising it has had, *The Jungle* stood only four points above *Coniston.*

Shakespeare and Sinclair

The English *Bookman* is in the habit of offering each month a prize for the best quotation from Shakespeare applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in that month's issue of the magazine. The prize for July was won by the following:

THE JUNGLE. By Upton Sinclair.

TITANIA. Say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

BOTTOM. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas.

—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

The Jungle suggested many quotations. For instance:

And now about the cauldron sing,
Enchanting all that you put in.

—*Macbeth.*

And again:

Sir, I will eat no meat.

—*Antony and Cleopatra.*

Also:

By my troth, I cannot abide the smell of meat since.—*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

The Jungle in France

A recent issue of the *London Academy* calls attention to the matter-of-fact directness with which translators tear off the veil from poetically vague English titles. For instance, how the chivalrous courtliness of Scott seems to evaporate by the metamorphosis of *The Heart of Midlothian* into the literal bluntness of the French *Le Prison d'Édimbourg.* One of the latest books to be translated into French is Mr. Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle.* The translator is Mr. M. A. Fournier, and the book is presented to French readers under the startling title of *Les Empoisonneurs de Chicago.*

Autumn Novels

The list of novels to be published during the coming autumn shows the result of considerable activity during the past year on the part of the men and women of recognized literary success. There is to be a new book by Mr. Kipling, and Conan Doyle's *Sir Nigel,* which has been running serially, is to appear between covers some time this month. Mr. J. M. Barrie is to be represented by an illustrated edition of *Peter Pan.* A new book for the autumn, by Stanley Weyman, is entitled *Chippinge Borough,* and deals with the England of 1830. Miss Corelli's *The Treasure of Heaven* has already appeared. From the Williamsons we are to have *Rosemary in Search of a Father,* which is described as a Christmas love-story; and from Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler a sequel to *Concerning Isabel Carnaby,* entitled *The Subjection of Isabel Carnaby.* From American writers, in addition to Margaret Deland's *The Awakening of Helena Richie* and F. Hopkinson Smith's *The Tides of Barnegat,* which are among the first of the autumn books to be published, there will be a

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new story by John Fox, Jr., the first of any length since *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come,* entitled *A Knight of the Cumberland.* Mr. George Barr McCutcheon will be represented by *Jane Cable,* and Mr. Richard Harding Davis by a book made up of three of his farces and *Real Soldiers of Fortune,* the latter being the stories of nine adventurous spirits of our own day. Late in the autumn or early in the winter will appear *The Mystery,* written by Stewart Edward White, in collaboration with Samuel Hopkins Adams. Some of the familiar names, of which we find no mention in these lists, are: Henry van Dyke, Booth Tarkington, James Lane Allen, Ellen Glasgow, Owen Wister, and Edith Wharton.

Sir Henry Irving

The first ambitious life of the late Sir Henry Irving will appear early in the autumn. It is the work of Mr. Bram Stoker, who was for many years associated with the Knight, having joined him when he took over the management of the Lyceum Theatre in 1878. In the meantime, we have Mr. Mortimer Menpes's *Henry Irving,* which is in its way a really admirable little volume, giving in brief space a great deal of the real Henry Irving. Here, for instance, is an account of the exposure of the Davenport Brothers' "cabinet trick:"

He went, he said, one evening to see the marvellous brothers. Their doings were astounding. He was convinced that either they must be great scoundrels or they had really some supernatural power. Sir Henry thought them scoundrels. After that he went every night and watched every movement of the men, until he knew how to untie knots, disappear, and do all things else to perfection—all except one thing. When the brother was inside the cabinet a piece of paper was placed under his feet, and a gentleman from the audience was requested to step up and trace a pencil line right round the feet. The brother's hands and legs were securely tied when the cabinet door was shut; yet he was able to dance, play on tambourines, fire off pistols, and reappear in extraordinary places; in fact, he got through a great deal of work. Then, when the cabinet door was at length opened, there sat the brother, calm and serene, with all the knots securely tied. He hadn't stirred. The most extraordinary fact was that his feet were in exactly the same position on the piece of paper, with the pencil line exactly traced round them. The contours of the shoes were marked. It was obviously impossible that he could have budged an inch from his chair. This worried Sir Henry. He was convinced that there had been a trick; yet he could not make it out. Every night for two weeks he lay awake, thinking and planning until his head was like to split. At last, one morning early, an idea dawned. He went to sleep happily for the first time in a fortnight. Shortly after that Sir Henry performed the Davenport trick at Manchester before 2,000 people. It was an immense success. Sir Henry's "brothers" were perfectly trained, and the whole show went off without a hitch. The paper business was done in a simple way. Sir Henry placed a book on the floor and put his feet on it, to explain how. We could see that there was something good coming by his expression; he himself was tickled by the thought of it. "Well," he said, "a line was traced round the fellow's feet. He got through all his tricks in the proper way. When he was back in the cabinet again, this is what my man did: he carefully turned the paper round on the other side, and with his own pencil traced another line round his feet." The manner in which Sir Henry told this story, with pantomime, was very amusing. "Yes," he said, when we were exhausted by laughing, "it was a success. The only thing that was not quite as it should have been was that, when the cabinet door was flung open and the gentleman was shown not to have moved from his chair—how could he, when the pencil line was still traced round his feet?—instead of appearing calm and serenely indifferent, behold my man, his collar bathed in perspiration, puffing and panting from his exertions, not being accustomed, as the Davenport men were, to such strenuous work."

In one of the last interviews between Irving and Mortimer Menpes, Sir Henry spoke of his old friend Toole and the latter's pitiable state of health, little thinking that he himself would be the first to die. The book narrates a practical joke, of which Mr. Toole, himself a master,

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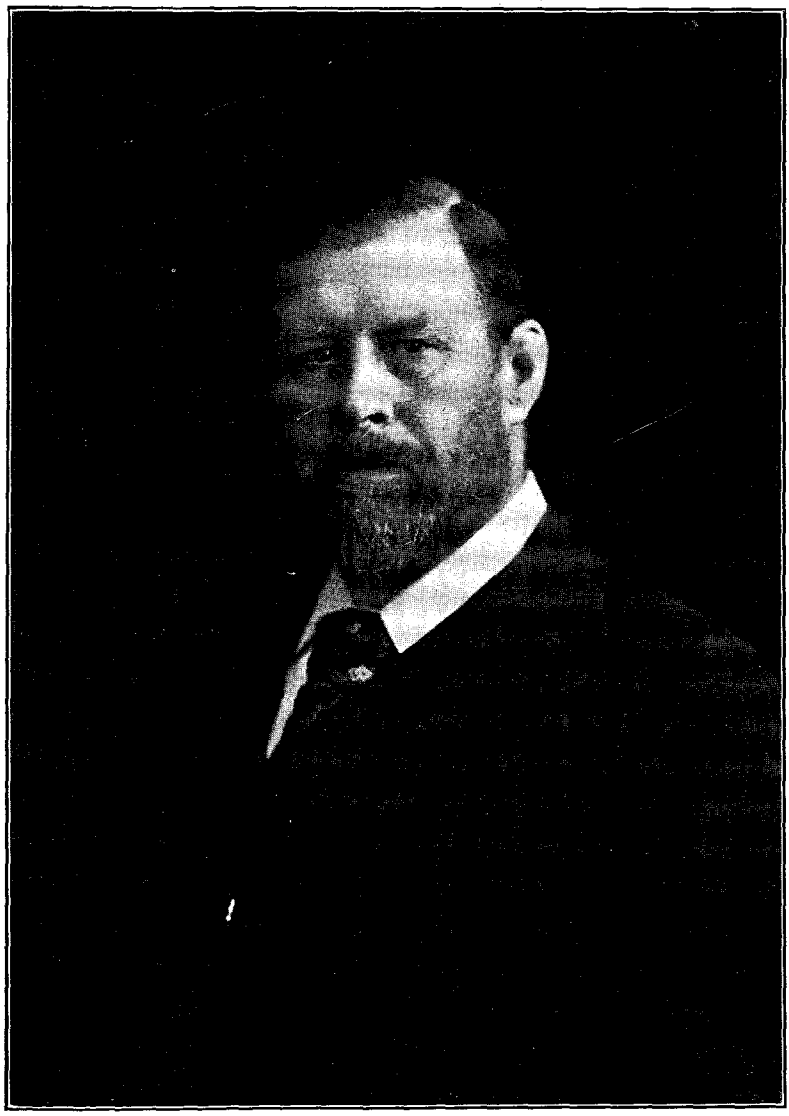
hand at practical jokes, was the victim. Attached to the Lyceum Theatre there was a set of rooms in which Irving used to entertain after the play. At midnight a banquet was served, and until six or seven in the morning the company remained indulging in discussion and good cheer. At one of these meetings Mr. Toole beckoned to a young man who was seated on the left of the host. The youth walked round and sat down beside Mr. Toole.

"Irving tells me," said Mr. Toole, "that you are a son of our good friend the Tory Editor of Fife?" "Yes." "And that you are editing the *National Review?*" "Yes." "Well," went on Mr. Toole, "I see that great men—Lord Salisbury, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Greenwood, and so on—write in your review. I, too, must write in it." The editor said he was delighted, and looked so. "What is your subject, Mr. Toole, and when may I expect the manuscript?" "Oh, I have no subject," said Mr. Toole. "You must find the subject, and



BRAM STOKER, AUTHOR OF THE FORTHCOMING LIFE OF SIR HENRY IRVING

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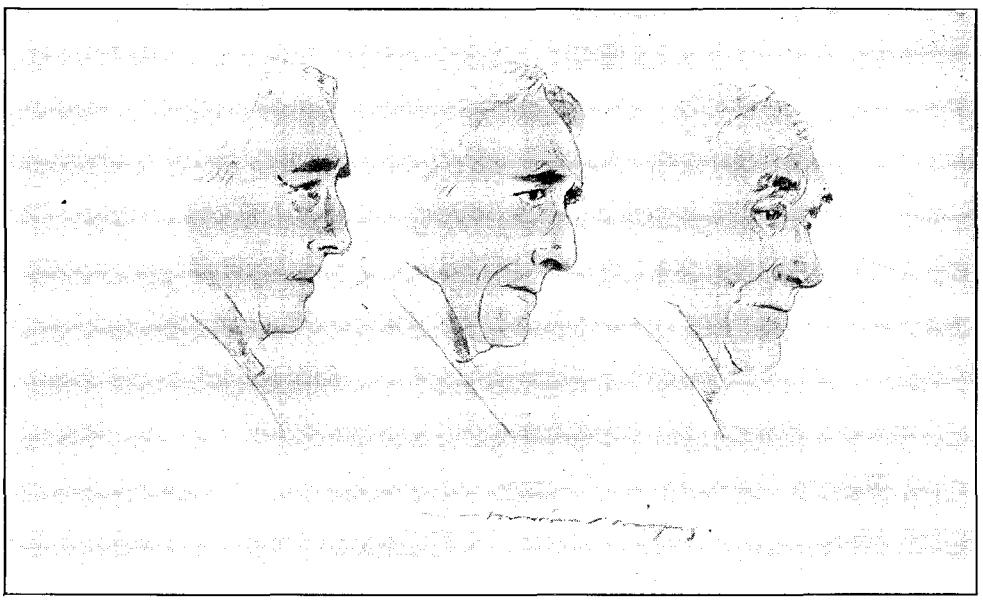

THREE HEADS OF SIR HENRY IRVING. BY MORTIMER MENPES

you must write the article. I will sign." The editor was very thoughtful for a few moments, and then said: "There's a thing called 'The New Humour' going about. How would that do?" "The very thing—splendid!" said Mr. Toole, his remarkable countenance seeming even more woebegone than usual. "When can you bring the manifesto to be signed? Come with it to the theatre. Afterwards we'll go out and lunch." "It will have to be sharp work," said the editor. "We are near the end of the month: the *Review* has to go to press very soon. But I'll come with the proofs the day after to-morrow, if that will do?" "Right," said Mr. Toole. The editor kept the appointment; but he was in a great hurry, having, he said, an important engagement a mile and a half off at two o'clock. "I'll read the opening and the end," he said, unfolding some yards of proof-sheets. The opening of the article and the closing passage were in Mr. Toole's familiar strain of jocularity, and the editor expressed a hope that the rest might be held as read. "Oh, yes," said Mr. Toole; and the editor hurried away. Three days afterwards Mr. Toole was the most-talked-of man in the United Kingdom. He was the theme of astonished leading articles in practically all the journals. The substantial parts of his essay—those which he had "held as read"—were not at all like the opening and the end. They went far up into the mysteries of feeling, art, and even ontology, and were couched in words of extraordinary length or unfamiliarity. Mr. Toole, in short, had formulated a profound and far-reaching philosophy of humour, ancient and modern. The journals, not one of them scenting a joke, were astounded at the aggressive thoughts which gentle Mr. Toole had so long been cherishing in silence. A New Humourist, speaking in behalf of his School, wrote to the *Daily Chronicle*, bitterly complaining that the great comedian, who had long enjoyed the affectionate favour of the public, had stamped so brutally on the efforts of the young literary colleagues who were likewise engaged in the effort to amuse and cheer. The Garrick Club hummed with excitement. "I must ask you," said Mr. Toole, appearing at the editor's club, "to let me lunch with you every day for a little." "Charmed, charmed!" said the editor. "You see," explained the comedian, with his most anguished expression of face, "the fellows at the Garrick—especially Traill—persist in wanting to discuss passages in my article, and, as they don't always know how to pronounce some of the learned words I was obliged to use, I find their conversation fatiguing."

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THE LATE JOHN TOOLE AS THE ARTFUL DODGER

Magazine Policies and First Numbers

It would probably be not too much to say that there is not a reader in the accepted sense of the term, in the country, who is unaware of the radical change during the last eight or ten years in the business of magazine-making. It is obvious to every one that the days have gone by when editing a periodical, well or ill, was entirely a matter of taste in selection. The most casual glance along the table of contents shows that the average magazine of to-day is not written, so to speak, but builded—that it is a work of construction, just as a play to be successful must be a work of construction. Consequently, if a periodical were to rely to any extent on the chance contributions that come in, it would soon be hopelessly distanced. Many of our most successful magazines to-day are made by formula—each issue has to contain certain articles that will appeal to certain tastes. The avowed policy of one very prosperous monthly, the pioneer in its field, is an excellent illustration. In each number there must be a special article that will in some way make an appeal to American patriotism; in each number there must be an article treating of some phase of European court life or of the European aristocracy, because people like to read that sort of thing; likewise an article about some aspect of what is called the "Four Hundred," its country homes, its yachts, its horse shows, or its successes on the turf; a certain large part of each number must be devoted to matter of distinct interest to women, because women are preëminently the readers, or better still, the buyers of magazines. Every line must be carefully scanned and every doubtful phrase stricken out. There must be no word that could possibly give offence to any class or body of persons. The writer of a recent contribution to this magazine made what to him was a

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perfectly innocent statement that "the income of Mark Twain, from his books, was the income of a successful banker or life insurance official." Before the paper was printed he was asked to eliminate the words "life insurance official." It was thought that it might smack somewhat of the muck-rake.

With just a little sense of relief we have been turning from the magazines of the present to the magazines of the past, when the laws of the making were not so rigid and where selection was guided by the opinion of what would be interesting or what ought to be. Browsing about among the old numbers leaves us in an unsettled state of mind. We are not entirely convinced that the so-called advance in magazine-making should not be spelled deterioration. The average hack writer for magazines and newspapers will tell you with perfect candour that every special article in the world has been done over a score of times. Perhaps there is a little cynicism and a little exaggeration in this statement, but it is unquestionably true that for ninety-five per cent. of the articles which are to be found in current issues one need only to turn back to the old files. We are not ourselves drawing any decided conclusions. Our readers may perhaps like to do so, however, when we recall the contents of some of the First Issues. We shall begin with *Harper's, Scribner's* and *The Century.*

The First Harper's

The first issue of *Harper's Magazine,* which bore the date of June, 1850, was not a difficult problem in editing, because the periodical was begun as an eclectic, and all that were needed were shears, paste, and judgment in selection. After the manner of first issues of all kinds the publishers saw fit to begin with a foreword or announcement couched in the stilted style of American writing at that period. This foreword laid great stress upon the growing literary dignity of the reviews and newspapers in England and France. The leading statesmen of England were proud to be considered publicists and men of letters; the leading statesmen of France were men who had been called from the ranks of journalism. "Lamartine has just become an editor of a newspaper. Dickens has just established a weekly journal of his own. Lever is enlisted in the *Dublin University Magazine,"* etc. The first issue of the new periodical was made up of one hundred and forty-four substantial pages, and a list of the various subjects included would make three or four pages in the style of the table of contents of the present *Harper's Magazine.* As was the custom at that time, almost all the contributions to the magazine appeared without the names of the writers. The magazine began with the first installment of what was evidently considered its big serial, Charles Lever's *Maurice Tiernay, The Soldier of Fortune,* from the *Dublin University Magazine.* Then came a special article on "Women in the East," by an Oriental traveller, three pages in length, followed by twenty-two pages of another serial, *Lettice Arnold,* by the author of *Two Old Men's Tales.* Next followed short descriptions of eruptions of Mt. Ætna, clipped from the Marquis of Ormond's *Autumn in Sicily,* which we devoutly hope was a more lucrative work than the volumes of travels by titled hands which Messrs. Bacon and Bungay used to publish from rival sides of Paternoster Row. "Papers on American Literature" and "Milking in Australia" were followed by the third serial, *Lizzie Leigh.* After a short article on "Steam," came the first of a series of "Papers on Water," which dealt with the question "Why Hard Water is Unfit for Domestic Purposes," a bit of verse from Herrick, a "Tale of the Good Old Times," a short story, and then a ten-page article on the "Memoirs of the First Duchess of Orleans." For the sake of brevity, we shall give the list of other contents of this number without comment:

The Snowy Mountains of New Zealand
Genius
Francis Jeffrey
Dr. Johnson: His Religious life and His Death
Sonneto—from the Italian
A Child's Dream of a Star
The Chapel by the Shore (Poem)

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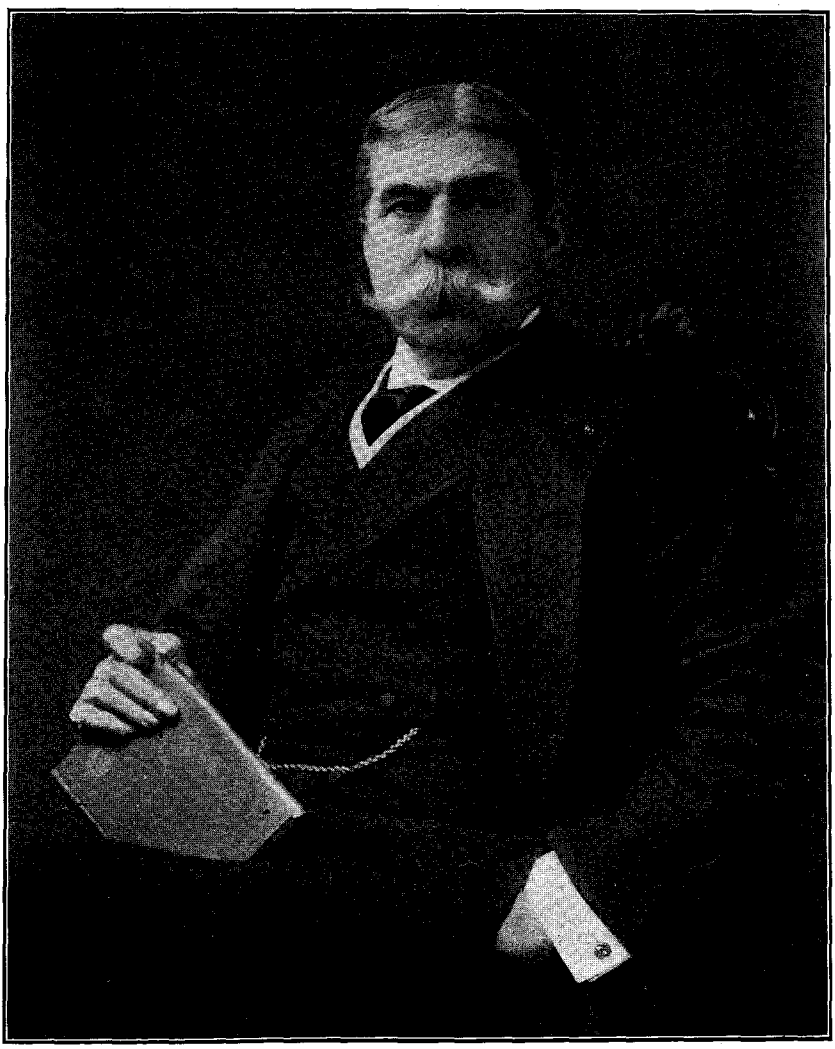
Illustrations of Cheapness—The Lucifer Match
The Flower Gatherer (Poem from the German)
Short Cuts Across the Globe
The German Meistersingers—Hans Sachs
Ghost Stories
The Reverend William Lisle Bowles
Morning in Spring (Poem from the German)
Work—an Anecdote
Men and Women
The Return of Pope Pius IX to Rome
The Genius of George Sand
Amusements at the Court of Louis XV
The Circassian Priest Warrior and His White Horse (Poem)
Unsectarian Education in England
William Wordsworth
The Mother's First Duty
Sidney Smith on Moral Philosophy
The Young Poet's Plaint (Poem)
Sonnets from the Italian
The Character of Burns
The Paris Election
The Pope at Home Again
The Australian Colony
Jewish Veneration
The Modern Argonaut



F. HOPKINSON SMITH. FROM HIS LATEST PORTRAIT

A review of Mr. Smith's *The Tides of Barnegat* will be found elsewhere in this issue

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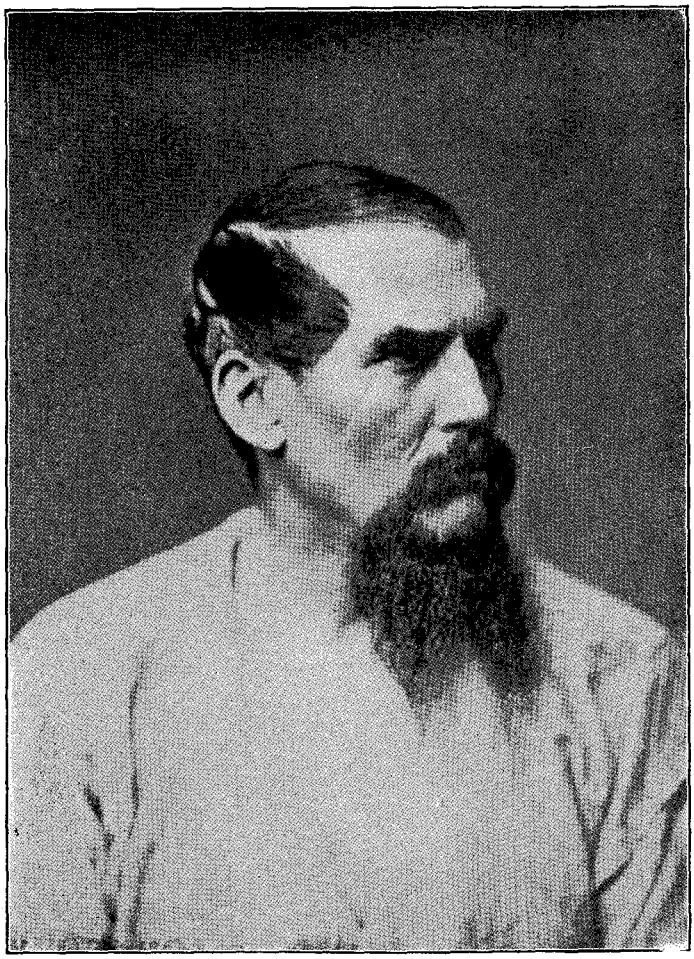
Then at the end came the various departments; first, the Monthly Record of Current Events, one of which chronicled the election of Eugene Sue as a member of the Paris Assembly on the Socialist ticket; crude wood cuts of Alison, Macaulay and Prescott with reading matter; four or five pages of literary reviews; and, finally, three pages of suggestions for the Fashions of Early Summer, adorned with designs of feminine attire so strange that it hardly seems possible that they were worn only little more than half a century ago.

Over twenty years elapsed between the appearance of the first issue of *Harper's* and the first issue of *Scribner's*, twenty years of many and vital changes.

The First Scribner's

There still held, however, the custom of suppressing in the text the names of the magazine contributors, although these names may be learned by reference to the index of the bound volumes. The first *Scribner's* appeared for November, 1870, contained one hundred and twelve pages, and typographically and artistically showed a marvellous advance over the first *Harper's*. It is exceedingly surprising to modern ideas, however, to learn that it made its bow to the public with a poem seventeen pages in length,



SIR RICHARD BURTON

The recently published Life of Sir Richard Burton will be discussed in a later issue

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entitled "Jeremy Train, His Drive," purporting to be "By an Old Fellow." Old Fellow, we learn, was Dr. J. G. Holland. Second on the table of contents was a descriptive article on "The Bottom of the Sea," by T. Edwards Clark. This was followed by "A Day with Dr. Brooks," by Mary Mapes Dodge, who at that time signed herself Mary E. Dodge. The fourth feature was the first Scribner serial. This was *Natasqua,* by Rebecca Harding Davis; then followed "The Bondage of the Pulpit," an essay by W. C. Wilkinson, which was considered so radical in its tone that it caused widespread comment throughout the country. The one short story of the number was "Twice Alone, a Tale of the Labrador," by I. I. Hayes; a sonnet, by C. R. W., was followed by a short paper by Samuel W. Duffield on "The Writings of George MacDonald." Then came a poem "Fair Weather and Foul," by William Morris, and the first installment of George MacDonald's serial story *Wilfrid Cumbermede.* Finally, were the three departments, Topics of the Times, Books and Authors Abroad, and Books and Authors at Home.

The First Century

The first *Century* was, in a measure, a continuation of the last *Scribner's* of the first series, the Century Company buying the older magazine, with the condition that the Scribner house should not publish a magazine for a period of

LADY BURTON

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five years. The editor of the new periodical was Dr. J. G. Holland, with Mr. Richard Watson Gilder and Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson as associates. Dr. Holland planned the first number, but did not live to see the day of its appearance. This first number is exceptional in the high quality of its material and the standing of its contributors, and, also, from the fact that it is made up to a considerable extent of the same line of subjects which we associate with the *Century Magazine* of to-day. In the first number of *Harper's*, on the other hand, there is, with the possible exception of the Charles Lever serial, not a paper that would now stand the slightest chance of acceptance. The frontispiece of the first *Century* was the reproduction of a painting of George Eliot. Then there came a fourteen-page description of "A Diligence Journey in Mexico," by Mary Hallock Foote, with illustrations by the author; a twenty-four-page paper by Lizzie W. Champney, entitled "In the Footsteps of Fortuny and Regnault," was followed by "Christophe," a poem by Edmund Clarence Stedman. The first *Century* short story was a "Curious Experience," by Mark Twain; then there was a short descriptive paper about the George Eliot portrait, and then another poem, "To a Missal of the Thirteenth Century," by Austin Dobson. "Around Cape Ann," by Hiram Rich, was illustrated from etchings by Stephen Parrish. "George Eliot" was the subject of a descriptive article by Frederick W. H. Myers. Mr. Gilder's first contribution to the magazine with which he has been so long associated was a poem, "When the True Poet Comes." This was followed by a fifteen-page illustrated article, "Costumes in the Greek Play at Harvard," by Frank B. Millet, and poems, "Sunshine in March" and "Delay," by E. H. Gosse and Andrew B. Saxton, respectively. The first *Century* serial, Frances Hodgson Burnett's "Through One Administration," was followed by "Phœbe," a poem by James Russell Lowell. The modern magazine idea is illustrated, at any rate, by the next contribution, "Compulsory Lane Routes on the North Atlantic," by Captain Horatio McKay of the old Cunard. Then came a long and controversial paper entitled "The So-Called Venus of Melos," in which W. J. Stillman endeavoured to prove that the famous statue of the Louvre was not a Venus at all but a Victory. "Tommaso Salvini," by Emma Lazarus, was followed by Salvini's own paper on "Impressions of Shakespearean Characters." Then came "Enfoldings," a poem by Mary Mapes Dodge, "My Escape from Slavery," by Frederick Douglas; "Eli," a story, by the author of *The Village Convict;* and "Backwoods Visions," a poem by Roger Riordan. The departments were Topics of the Times, Home and Society, Literature, The World's Work, and the familiar Bric-a-Brac.

Marion Harland

There are just two or three American writers who so long have been intimately known to every member of the reading club list, and whose names for so many years have been accepted as household words, that anything more definite or specific about them is either generally overlooked or forgotten. Such an author is Marion Harland. There is probably hardly a person in the land, who can read and write, who will not profess immediately a knowledge of her and her work, and yet further inquiry will very likely elicit the vague reply that "she wrote a cook book." Marion Harland is now seventy-five years of age, and as her first novel was written at sixteen, her literary life may be said to cover a period of sixty years. In addition to writing her books, the latest of which, *The Distractions of Martha,* is soon to appear, Mrs. Terhune edits the Woman's Department of the *North American Syndicate,* in itself no light undertaking, as her own account of some of her responsibilities shows:

My average mail for the *North American Syndicate* is five hundred letters a week. That makes over twenty thousand letters a year. Besides these I have my personal correspondence, which is large. I could not get through with it all but for the help of an exceptional secretary. Then I am strong and work systematically. I write an abstract of my reply to every letter, either on the envelope or a piece of paper attached to it. My private

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MARION HARLAND (Mrs. Terhune)

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THE SPANISH STAIRS IN ROME AS SEEN FROM THE PIAZZA DI SPAGNA

The Keats House is at the right and the tablet and wreath indicate the room in which the poet died. The fountain was designed by Bernini, and commemorates a time of high water in the Tiber when a boat was floated to the piazza, a mile from the river. The stairs were built by a French gentleman, through whom they became, as they still are, the property of the French government. The church is Santa Trinita de' Monti, and to the left is a convent of Spanish nuns for whom Mendelssohn wrote music which they still sing at vespers. To the left of the convent is the Villa Medici, the seat of the French Art School (Prix de Rome), and still further the park of the Pincian Hill, overlooking the city. The last four months of Keats's life were spent in this house, which is one of the most beautiful places in Rome. With its central location, in an atmosphere of flowers, fountains, and picturesque architecture, the house is an ideal place for a memorial to the two English poets.

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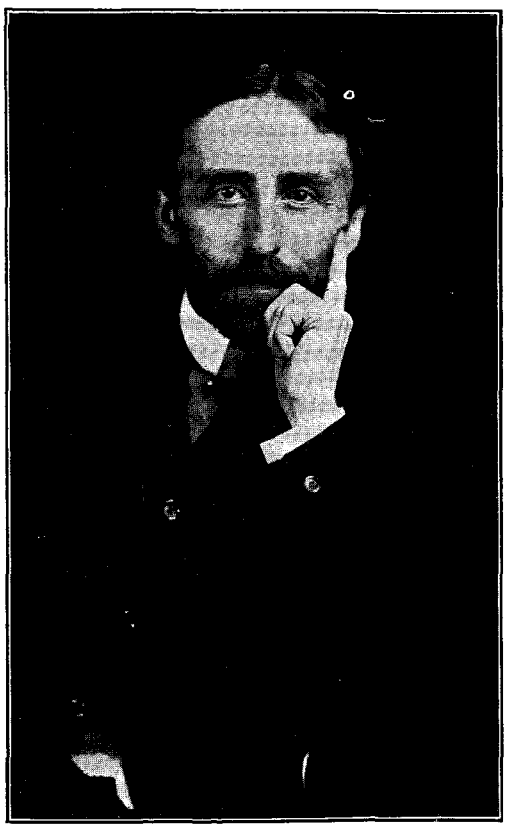
correspondence I write wholly myself. People write to me about everything. Some of the letters I cannot answer. Some want me to write the story of their lives and divide the profits with them. Others wish me to write stories, the plots of which they offer to furnish me on the same terms. They are not infrequently offended when I decline. One such I told I could not write on all the subjects I had in my own mind if I lived for a hundred years. One projector of an English paper wanted me to contribute for a year without compensation, with the promise that after that I should be paid better than I had ever been paid by any paper.

There seems to be a very general interest in the movement to purchase by popular subscription the House on the Piazza di Spagna in Rome in which Mr. John Keats died, and to establish therein a permanent memorial of Keats and Shelley. The memorial, apart from its literary bearings, has an international interest in the fact that it was originated and set on foot by Americans to do honour to the two great English poets buried in Italian soil. On the 17th of last May, after three years' endeavour, the committees in charge of the movement obtained a legal option on the desired property at one hundred and six thousand francs. This option will expire on January 17th next. American subscribers have already contributed over ten thousand dollars to the fund.

The Keats-Shelley Memorial



FRANK H. SPEARMAN
Author of *Whispering Smith*

MR. SIDNEY H. PRESTON
Whose novel *On Common Ground* is reviewed elsewhere in this issue

A book of two years ago, which was very much out of the ordinary and which caused considerable discussion, was Mr. Frank H. Spearman's *The Strategy of Great Railroads*. Mr. Spearman's latest book is *Whispering Smith*, a novel dealing with life in the Rockies during the pioneer period, when every man carried his life in his own hands and the great civilising factor was the advancing railroad. Mr. Spearman's career has been a singularly varied one. He has been, in turn, a broker, a bank cashier, and a bank president, and as an author he has gradually made his way by writing short stories and by his two novels, *Dr. Bryson* and *The Daughter of a Mag-*

Frank H. Spearman

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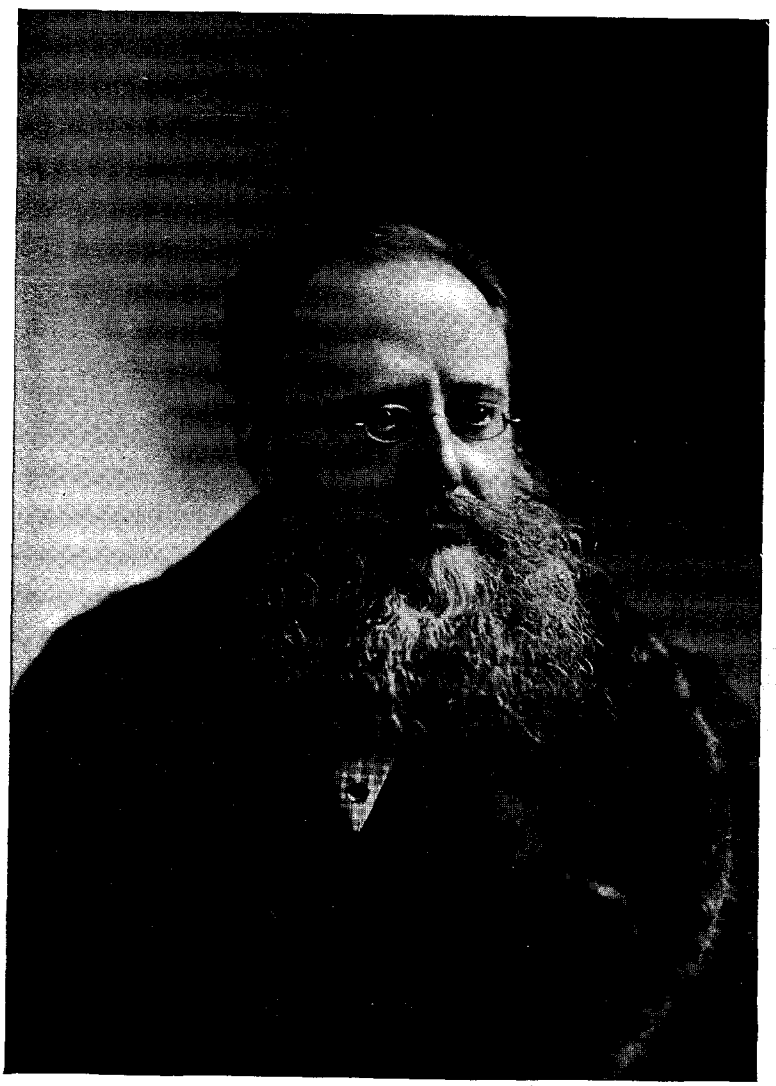
nate. Mr. Spearman was born in Buffalo, N. Y., and was educated at Lawrence University, in Appleton, Wisconsin. His present home is in Wheaton, Illinois.

Wilkie Collins Recollections

A paper on the "Recollections of Wilkie Collins," by Mr. Wybert Reeve, which appeared in the July number of *Chambers's Journal*, recalls the rather curious fact that there has never been a biography of Collins published. For that matter, the most we have of the personal Collins is to be found in his correspondence with Dickens, and allusions to Dickens take up a good deal of Mr. Reeve's space. For instance, we learn that in Collins's opinion, Dickens injured himself very much by his readings, and particularly by reading "Nancy" and "Bill Sikes." The effect on Dickens was painful in the extreme, both at the first and ever afterwards; every nerve in his sensitive temperament was wound up to such a pitch of excited energy. At the first rehearsal he fainted, and always



WILKIE COLLINS

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afterwards when he read these scenes in public he suffered from exhaustion. Collins did not care for John Forster's life of Dickens. He thought that Forster told too much about Dickens's family quarrels, and that Forster was made too prominent. Collins was of opinion that Mrs. Dickens was a very unsuitable lady to be the wife of a man of his nature. Mr. Reeve tells us what was fairly well known, that Wilkie Collins failed in his American readings. He lacked the necessary dramatic power to make them acceptable to general audiences. Collins suffered from neuralgia and gout, and fell into the habit of taking opium in considerable doses and frequent injections of morphia to relieve the pain. Mr. Reeve says: "His diet was singular at dinner. He would sometimes take bread soaked in meat gravy only. In the night he was fond of cold soup and champagne. For exercise he often walked up and down the stairs so many times by the aid of the balusters. Frequent suffering made his habits a little eccentric perhaps, and I am quite certain the frequent use of opium had its effect upon his writings in later years."

❧

The Late Lafcadio Hearn

A rather extraordinary literary controversy has been going on of late about the personal habits and appearance of Lafcadio Hearn. The controversy began when the New York *Sun* printed an editorial, containing the statement that Hearn, during the time that he lived in New Orleans, avoided as much as possible the society of whites, preferring to live among negroes, not of the cornfield variety, but the high priests and priestesses of Voodooism. This and some remarks about Hearn's personal appearance called forth a storm of protesting letters which the *Sun* duly printed for a period extending over many days. We have no desire to enter in any way into the controversy; but as throwing a light on the much-discussed question of Lafcadio Hearn's personal appearance, we print the accompanying portrait.

LAFCADIO HEARN

An English View

In the opinion of the *London Academy* the past season, despite the usual complaints of "slackness in the book market," has not been altogether unfruitful of good books, although an examination of the list leads to the impression that this is not a great age of imagination or of poetry or of poetic drama or of fiction. Of the novels that the *Academy* finds worthy of special attention two are from America—Mr. Owen Wister's *Lady Baltimore*, "a book of charm, of depth, of power very gently used, of wisdom never obtruded," and Mr. Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle*, "which circumstance has made notable." Of English novels the *Academy* mentions Mr. John Galsworthy's *The Man of Property*, Mr. H. M. Hueffer's *The Fifth Queen*, and Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's *Out of Due Time*. As fairly respectable the *Academy* classes the recent books of Mr. E. F. Benson, Mrs. Thurston, Mr. Eden Phillpotts, and Mrs. Humphry Ward; also Q.'s *The Mayor of Troy*, Maarten Maartens's *The Healers*, Mr. Arnold Bennett's *Hugo*, and the Baron-

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ess von Hutten's *Pam Decides.* But the best work nowadays, thinks the *Academy,* is being done in biography, history, criticism, and works that combine creation with compilation. It instances Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill's *Life of Lord Randolph Churchill,* Mr. J. B. Atlay's *Victorian Chancellors,* Mr. Charles Whibley's *Pitt,* Mr. Thomas Wright's *Life of Sir Richard Burton,* and Miss Sichel's *Life of Canon Ainger.*

The South in the Saddle

There is one passage in Mr. O. Henry's recent book, *The Four Million,* which we wish to reprint without any comment. It will strike most New-Yorkers, at least, with considerable force. The passage appears in the tale called *A Cosmopolite in a Café:*

> While Coglan was describing to me the topography along the Siberian Railway, the orchestra glided into a medley. The concluding air was "Dixie," and as the exhilarating notes tumbled forth, they were almost overpowered by a great clapping of hands from almost every table.
>
> It is worth a paragraph to say that this remarkable scene can be witnessed every evening in the numerous cafés in the city of New York. Tons of brew have been consumed over theories to account for it. Some have conjectured hastily that all Southerners in town hie themselves to cafés at nightfall. This applause of the "rebel" air in a Northern city does puzzle a little; but it is not insolvable. The war with Spain, many years' generous mint and watermelon crops, a few long-shot winners at the New Orleans race-track, and the brilliant banquets given by the Indiana and Kansas citizens who compose the North Carolina Society have made the South rather a fad in Manhattan. Your manicure will lisp softly that your left forefinger reminds her so much of a gentleman's in Richmond, Va. Oh, certainly; but many a lady has to work now—the war, you know.

In Springfield, Mass.

We lately spent a few hours in Springfield, Mass., having to wait there between two trains; for trains do not always make close connection in Springfield, Mass. This circumstance can have no real interest for our readers, and we owe them an apology; but *que voulez-vous?* The Junior Editor has just informed us that he needs another paragraph to complete the Chronicle and Comment, and he has intimated rather plainly that he is expecting us to write it. This is not because he likes our paragraphs, but because the more we write the less remains for him to do. Therefore, not having any other subject in our mind, it occurs to us to jot down a word or two regarding Springfield, Mass. Before this little visit we had no special knowledge of the place except the fact that from it issues the *Springfield Republican,* one of the very best newspapers in the whole United States. Also it is, or was, the site of the Arsenal about which Longfellow wrote his well-known poem, beginning:

> "This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
> Like a great organ, rise the burnished arms."

We have always felt that these opening lines were rather weak on the part of Longfellow. If the burnished arms really rose from floor to ceiling, surely it wasn't necessary for him to say, "This is the Arsenal." Any one with half an eye could see it was an arsenal. Nobody would suppose that it was a delicatessen shop. Well, as we were saying, that is all we previously knew about the town; so we took a stroll. Not to the Arsenal, for arsenals are not to our taste; nor to the *Republican* office, because we might not be to the taste of the editors. But we went down a long street parallel to the railway station and presently came to a drug-store, where two rather pretty girls were eating chocolate sondhis (that is the way we spell the word). All the girls that we had ever before seen eating sondhis had used little spoons with long handles. But these girls were employing small silver spikes like miniature ice-picks. How they did it without impaling their tongues we couldn't imagine. It was a terrible and yet alluring sight, and we watched it so long that the druggist's assistant came out and asked us to go away. We went. Presently we came

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upon the Massasoit House. Back in the early seventies we once heard an old gentleman say that when he was a youth, the finest waffles in the world were to be had at the Massasoit House in Springfield, Mass. But that was a long while ago, and now they may have doughnuts for breakfast there. You never can tell. We remember that once in the little town of Paxton, near Worcester, when we were breakfasting at the village inn—but this has nothing to do with Springfield, Mass.

❧

Fearing to get lost, we went back to the railway station, where a surprising number of people were sitting around eating out of brown paper bags, just as they do at Battersea Park and the Fête de Neuilly and Coney Island. As no other diversion was provided, we read a copy of the *Springfield Republican*—editorials, dramatic and musical criticism, local news, advertisements and all. The musical criticism was rather good. An operatic company had been presenting *Lohengrin* in Springfield, and the musical critic, who evidently was accustomed to prepare "write-ups" for the Springfield merchants, dealt rather gingerly and unwillingly with the technique of the various artists. "Madame So-and-So has a good, loud voice," was his usual form of commendation. But he came out strong at the end.

"When Lohengrin came on drawn by his swans," he wrote, "it was as though a large base-burner was being hauled in on a stone-boat. But this only shows that German opera is a hard thing to negotiate in a common theatre."

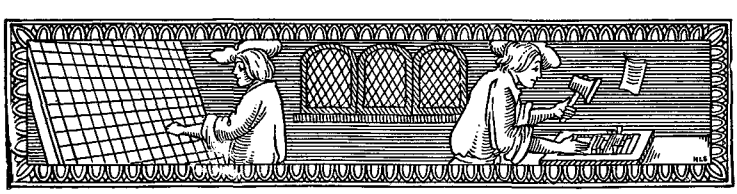
That word "negotiate" was really clinical, diagnostic, chromatic—everything that would have delighted Sainte-Beuve and Mr. Huneker. The suburban news was also edifying. We read about the dog-license law in Westfield and what had lately been decreed by the ædiles of Agawam. But after all, the advertising columns were the best, though we were shocked at first by reading the words: "Go to Mt. Tom!" We took this for an imprecation, but it really wasn't. Then we saw in large black letters: "This Is the Last Week for Free Pants!" It pleased us to know that the people of Springfield were to be endowed with free pants, and that henceforth no citizen need go trouserless to his daily tasks. Another column led us to infer that some members of the feminine aristocracy of Springfield are of possibly African lineage and that they are wont to express their wishes and preferences through the medium of the daily press. We noted, for instance, the following:

A COLORED LADY wishes to travel. —— —— Bridge St.

Now in other cities, when a lady wishes to travel, she usually tells her immediate acquaintance, but she hardly confides this aspiration to the public in a newspaper. Still, there was something artless and attractive about the Springfield custom, and we trust that this coloured lady ultimately did travel and that she travelled far. Another notice ran:

A COLORED LADY wishes refined washing. —— —— Mattoon St.

We pondered over this for some time, meditating on the general ambiguity of the naïve announcement. But while we mused, our train came in; and now we shall perhaps never learn just what refined washing is. This is all we know about Springfield, Mass.



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MARY E. WILKINS

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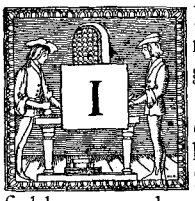
SOME REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN STORY TELLERS

II—MARY E. WILKINS

I



IN spite of being by no means first upon the ground, Miss Wilkins (beginning with *A Humble Romance* in 1887) has succeeded in extracting from her chosen field upwards of a dozen volumes, dealing with local life and character as spontaneously as if no predecessor had ever ventured upon the soil of New England. And notwithstanding her illustrious forbears, *A Humble Romance* won instant recognition for its sure touch and unmistakable personal note.

Using a restricted canvas, a small scale, Miss Wilkins immediately showed a perspective, an atmosphere, compared to which the snap-shots of our many brilliant young writers appear like the thin, accurate outlines drawn by a savage or a clever child. It is the absence of all journalistic taint which gives her work its quality. Her scope may be limited, but within it she *knows*. Depth beyond depth is open to her. Her mental processes lie at the farthest possible remove from impressionism. It is conceivable that before unfamiliar sights or people the picture reflected upon her retina might lack force and distinction. It is out of infinite comprehension, out of a wealth of information, that she selects a poverty-stricken cottage, a gaunt old woman, a cat! With unerring elimination she seizes the telling detail. In each minute study (and a score of pages suffice for the majority of them) you are put in full possession of any facts necessary for understanding the past of every character; and this is done so imperceptibly that you are unaware of being "posted," of anything beyond the gentle, uninterrupted forward movement. The stories moreover are never inter-dependent. Each stands quite alone. If all were lost but *A New England Nun* no explanation, no sidelights, would be required to make clear this crystalline little tale. Louisa Ellis is engaged to a young villager of her own class, but her unconsciously celibate temperament slowly chills him. She is an inverted Galatea. With the outward semblance of a living woman, on the approach of love (although in a highly restrained form) she turns to marble. Relieved at her lover's defection, she goes happily back to her immaculate housewifery, ... "prayerfully numbering her days like an uncloistered nun."

Equally complete, *A Village Singer* ends with a turn of inimitable humour. Deposed from the choir for singing out of tune, and literally dying of the blow, Candace Whitcomb makes her peace with heaven, forgives her enemies, even calls upon her successor to sing a hymn.

> Candace lay and listened. Her face had a holy and radiant expression. When Alma stopped singing it did not disappear, but she looked up and spoke, and it was a secondary glimpse of the old shape of a forest tree through the smoke and flame of the transfiguring fire the instant before it falls. . . . . "You flatted a little on—soul," said Candace.

To read about Miss Wilkins's old women gives all the satisfaction of watching remarkably disagreeable weather from a post of comfort and safety. A deaf spinster (in *An Object of Love*) is turned from piety to atheism by the disappearance of her cat. The gentle young minister is at his wits' end how to cope with such a situation. . . . "It seemed to him bordering upon sacrilege to treat this trouble of Anne Millet's like a genuine affliction, though, on the other hand, that treatment was what her state of mind seemed to require."

Willy, the missing pet, is found in his own cellar, Anne's deaf ears having failed to register his mewings.

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The next meeting night Anne was in her place. The minister saw her, rejoicing. After meeting he hurried out of his desk to speak to her. . . . . "I'm so happy to see you are feeling better." "The cat has come back," said Anne.

II

In the census of a Mary Wilkins village the proportion of inhabitants would approximate sixty women upwards of seventy years old, five old men, fifteen middle-aged women, eight middle-aged men, seven girls, three eligible bachelors, two children. Of these, forty old women would be intolerable, ten merely difficult, and ten victims to the rest. Three old men out of five could be set down as narrow, detestable tyrants, two (weak brothers) show amiability. The middle-aged men and women are in good training to succeed their elders. Young girls represent every degree of voluntary and enforced repression. Of the young men, mark two as thoroughly developed mules, well-meaning, honourable, but as "set" as their fathers before them. The third may be a reasonable creature, who consents to defer the wedding for ten years till his betrothed can buy a silk dress or pay off her father's mortgage. Failing to be of heroic stuff, number three usually breaks down and marries a girl from another village. The life is as narrow as that of a Kaffir in his kraal. In one place only do two men fall out over politics. These descendants of a race bred to religious dispute, to thought, inherit an acuteness, an eternal mental activity, which is now steadily turned upon their own and their neighbours' small affairs. Their very virtues seem to make them only the drier and harder. Each feels and suffers intensely, walled up inside his or her own personality. When they break loose it is like a geyser of ice-water. Cold storage has robbed their passions of all genial warmth. The throbbing of their own hearts rends and tears them. Their precise, inelastic language is inexpressive of emotion. Yet they are sensitive, not inarticulate peasants more like dumb animals than sentient human beings.

Their rare, prolonged courtships, scanty families, depressed young people, are entirely remote from the joys and sorrows, the devil-may-care attitude of ordinary poor communities. They are strikingly like the Scotch, in a land without Scotch whiskey! The love affairs suggest pale Arctic blossoms, pitifully testifying to the renewing power of nature, to her constant struggle to claim her due, to accomplish her work amid frozen, rock-bound surroundings, where a brief summer barely snatches a moment's respite from storm and hardship. The descriptions give scene and figures without a superfluous word. Every event is well prepared, but without emphasis, and characterisation of people abounds in passages of rare discrimination.

She was a small woman and quite young, with a bright alertness about her which had almost the effect of prettiness. It was to her what greenness and crispness are to a plant.

That bit is unsurpassed in directness, as is this, of an old man hunting a lost girl:

He had a natural scent for glory, but he was like an animal reared at a distance from his native prey, and had little opportunity to exercise it.

Her analogy is swift and sure; with the eye of a realist she uses the symbolism of a romantic. In these small glimpses she shows her grasp upon the foundation of her characters, but she seldom openly dissects. Giving you their actual presence, their lives, how they live them, she merely indicates the underlying mental processes, seldom dragging them out into the light of day. You bring away a paradoxical suspicion that owing to the religious repression of centuries these people often inherit the sense of repression without the sense of religion. Then, thanks to generations of chaste living, the women have evolved a purely celibate temperament. This frequently tramples over an eligible suitor, a comfortable establishment. In many instances it turns to a dogged, senseless fidelity to an unwilling object. In the case of many who actually go so far as to marry, the woman seems shortly to revert to an acrid virginity, rendering her fiercely intolerant towards the love affairs of young people. The naked virtues of this community, truth, honesty, de-

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cency, self-reliance, endurance, cleanliness, thrift, make the story of their lives a wholesome tonic—taken in small doses. As a prophylactic, in connection with a course of French novels, the effect is beneficial. Taken too lavishly, without corrective, it might easily foster an appetite for fiction that is "high" in a sense more often applied to game than to literature. Whereas the French entirely accept every manifestation of nature, merely asking "What shall we do about this?" these New Englanders seem to have no general problem. Their attitude is the inheritance of a special race. The stranger will seldom say, "How like people!" But almost invariably—"How like *these* people!"

III

If the stories are special to an extraordinary degree, they also show a distinction of workmanship a clearness, delicacy and sureness, which places them far beyond the "Rogers Groups" to which they have been rather stupidly compared. Curiously enough, being so very definite as to character and place, they have absolutely no date. Although reading them in mass would be depressing, the best of them are so complete as to give a sense of permanence. There is nothing to grow obsolete. The simple narrative with its unpretentious style, the perfect analogy, the clear outlines and cool grey tints—what is there here to fade?

If out of all her work two slender volumes were to be compiled of the best, so chosen as to avoid monotony, without question those volumes would be as interesting a hundred years hence as they are to-day, not only for themselves, but as records of a society bearing a sure sign of decadence, the utter domination of the young by the old.

Jane Field, Miss Wilkins's first novel, is a striking example of this trait. Throughout, the mother holds the central place. Jane's stern affection for her daughter, the violence done her conscience, her inability to reap the reward of her crime, this is the main theme. The story is beautifully told, without undue elaboration. The handful of characters stand out quite clear. Green River has the same proportion of people as her other villages. In the church—

> the mass of them were middle-aged and elderly women, . . . a sprinkling of solemn old men, a few bright-ribboned girls, . . . and in the background a settee or two of smart young fellows.

Lois Field might stand for the typical Mary Wilkins girl, harking back to Hawthorne, but with more of Priscilla than of Hilda.

> "I've seen young girls go down," said Mrs. Green. "It seems sometimes as if there wan't nothin' more to them than flowers, and they fade away in a day."

Amanda Pratt is really delightfully done—the gentle old maid who cuts a piece out of her good stocking and darns it, to match the hole in its fellow—who leaves her cat ten saucersful of milk, one for each day of her absence, trusting pussy to be as self-denying as she herself would have been. All this is told so simply that you are never asked to stop and admire.

The sober courtship of Lois and Francis Arms is delicately frigid. Surely no story-teller has chronicled so many austere wooings! Yet the chronicle is neither conventional nor superficial. You feel that just so would these young Puritans approach one another. You share their surprise that the voice of nature should ever speak to them. You almost wish that delicacy did not forbid Miss Wilkins from further revelations, and at the same time feel thankful for her reserve. The same sensitiveness which permits her to understand prevents her from revealing.

It is curious that while Barney Thayer's flowered waistcoat and Charlotte Barnard's neckerchief suggest a remote period for the novel of *Pembroke,* the story itself might equally well be of yesterday. Barney courts Charlotte with the full consent of both their families, barring Charlotte's father, Cephas, whose opposition is general, not particular, merely a phase of his concentrated opposition to everything.

One evening, near the time set for their wedding, Cephas inveighs Barney into a political discussion. They have

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"words." They quarrel and Cephas orders Barney from the house.

Barney adores Charlotte, likewise he is too mulish to change his mind, once his ideas have been started in any direction, even about a woman. Not only through fidelity, but through obstinacy, he could not waver; moreover, in his queer way he has even a flash of physical passion for Charlotte. He is well off; she is poor. She and all concerned give him right in his quarrel with Cephas, yet he refuses to marry her. In his anger he has sworn not to marry the daughter of such a one as Cephas Barnard; and, like a balking horse, with fires built under it, blows raining down on it, rewards held out to it, he is agonisingly immovable. It is the hysteria, the orgy, the riot of self-repression—a nature that can only be expressed by absence of expression! He lives in growing anguish, inside the coffin-like existence he has made himself. As its sides contract, his living body grows more cramped within his self-imposed bonds. A pretty village coquette makes love to him, but he feels no wish to respond. This main theme is sustained by several lesser ones. Let us run over the characters: Cephas Barnard, crank and tyrant. His wife, a colourless, inefficient creature. Charlotte, fine, but abnormally steadfast and painfully inexpressive. Mrs. Thayer, obdurate, hard, suffering inwardly, but unflinching in turning a son and a daughter from her house and whipping a delicate child from sternest sense of duty, a task-mistress to her wavering, affectionate old husband. Rebecca Thayer, a defiant girl, driven into joyless misdoing by her mother's hardness. So much for the Thayers! Then the Berrys: Mr. Berry, tyrant, cheat and miser. He dominates a colourless wife and son. Rose, the coquette, might have been a gay, delightful creature—out of *Pembroke!* As it is, she merely seems a bit of thistledown, blown hither and thither, finally attaching herself to a mediocre lot. She is pretty, with the bloom so often recorded in these annals. Pointed elbows and thin arms show through a muslin dress. She has dilating pupils, sharp, delicate features, radiant with ephemeral bloom; she pants easily, sways in the wind. You foresee her in a few years, withered and ugly.

Then there is the loving old maid, Sylvia, who clings to her obstinate suitor, though he meanly abandons her because her door was once accidentally closed to his weekly visit. The story moves briskly to its end. Crippled with rheumatism, Barney finally consents to marry Charlotte, who has tarnished her reputation by nursing him.

IV

Think what a proportion of unkind, intolerable people! That such qualities as principle, generosity and certain forms of self-sacrifice underly their hardness only makes them more exasperating. But the point is that Miss Wilkins induces you to believe that all these things happened. It seems strange, but you are convinced, and through all their hatefulness the author still cares for her people; yet her affection never so colours them as to render them tolerable to the reader. The whole condition is so alien that you read with interest, with admiration for her admirable story-telling. And the next time you pass through a neat white New England hamlet, you remember that these low-roofed, tidy cottages are inhabited by an alien race, whose heartbeats are different, whose methods of life and thought are so detached from the ordinary pulse of the world as they water their flowers and mix their eternal sweet-cakes, that the ordinary events of humanity—a courtship, a birth, a merry-making—almost strike a false note, as something inappropriate. Death alone seems the perfectly natural blossom of these well-tended gardens.

Madelon, perhaps, has more ordinary life and passion. Not that the author changes, but she happens to deal with people in whose veins other fluid moves than Anglo-Saxon and water. Madelon Hauteville, with her French-Indian ancestry, is a very different creature from the typical New England girl: at the same time, New England affiliations have so impressed that wild blood that Madelon is swayed by conscience as well as passion.

The story is full of unwonted violence. Burr Gordon flirts with Madelon, but

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seriously courts the parson's daughter, Dorothy Fair. Lot Gordon also courts Madelon. As he is middle-aged, consumptive and ironical, she naturally prefers Burr. Madelon lives with a tribe of half-wild brothers, trappers and hunters; the whole family are viewed somewhat askance by the villagers. Untamed, disturbing creatures, nevertheless owing to a useful accomplishment they are tolerated. Every Hauteville is a born musician.

Pleasure has not been banished from this village: there are dances, and enough young people to make such entertainments lively. At one of these parties, Burr so plainly shows his hand about Dorothy that Madelon, meeting him in the dark on a lonely path, stabs him. Unfortunately he and Lot have the same gait and general air; as her victim drops, Madelon sees that she has struck the wrong man. Burr joins them, and is found near Lot; suspicion falls on him, particularly as he would profit by Lot's death.

Madelon vainly tries to give herself up to justice. There is a conspiracy of silence between the two men, and Burr goes to jail with a fair chance of hanging, but Lot suddenly proclaims himself the criminal, having tried to commit suicide. The price of his telling this untruth and saving Burr is Madelon's promise of marriage.

From this situation the plot works out to a happy end; thereby losing force, since Madelon seems more consistent as a doomed and fateful creature than as a rather well-to-do Mrs. Burr Gordon. Nevertheless the story is interesting, full of movement, and significant in touching a broader field of action than the short stories. Moreover, in choosing a larger stage, the author seems to attain a wider sense of beauty. The book begins with a description of a snow-laden forest, which curiously recalls the beautiful opening of *Under the Greenwood Tree.* There is the same accuracy of vision, the same imaginative linking of past and present, the same super-sensitive appreciation of sound.

Take only two short paragraphs:

> This was an old road, but little used of late years, and the forest seemed to be moving upon it with the unnoted swiftness of a procession endless from the beginnings of the world. . . . Everything was very still. The new-fallen snow seemed to muffle silence itself, and do away with that wide susceptibility to sound which affects one as forcibly as the crashing of cannon.

Lot talks of the wood:

> "Set me down anywhere in the woods when there's a wind, and I'll tell ye what the trees are, if it's so dark ye can't see a leaf, by the way the boughs blow. The maples strike out stiff like dead men's arms, and the elms lash like live snakes, and the pine trees stir all together, like women."

This is strikingly like the passage where Hardy speaks of the voices of oaks, birches and ash trees, but the resemblance arises from similar inspiration, not from plagiarism. On this occasion our author rises to true generalisation. The more violent theme seems to have quickened her pulse. Kisses here are less formal, more a matter of impulse than convention. Even the consumptive Lot views life with colour, speaks of it with a happy imagery. "There isn't a rose that's too good to take in a bee," he remarks to Burr, a sentiment which would certainly have met disfavour in the eyes of a New England nun.

Though not as a whole equal to the short stories, *Madelon* contains more than one passage which belongs to the entire world of feeling and imagination. There is even a touch of genius in the description of a boy's soprano voice: "Louis . . . . raised his piercing sweet treble, which seemed to pass beyond hearing into fancy."

V

In *Jerome* Miss Wilkins not only is more ambitious in the number of people introduced, but she also aims at recording gradual development of character. Although the book is full of interest, the author sees her own creatures so completely in the first flash of conception as to be slightly handicapped in any attempt to follow them in process of formation. The figure of Jerome himself never, as a whole, quite materialises, although episodically he has moments of

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undeniable life. You can think of him defying the doctor, you can think of him stitching shoes and planning to conquer fate, but you never succeed in realising him other than in glimpses.

Lucina Merritt, child of good fortune, finds Jerome Edwards nestling in the hollow of a sun-warmed rock, enjoying the relief from winter frosts. Baby as she is, Lucina divines that this barefoot little boy is poor and hungry; she offers him her chunk of gingerbread. He refuses it angrily and is only to be pacified when she accepts his bit of sassafras root. Delicate symbolism of what is to follow throughout their lives, where Lucina forever offers, and pride or principle forever goads Jerome to reject.

Fear of obligation lies like a scourge across the Edwards family. Mrs. Edwards, chair-ridden, painfully stitching shoes, yet sends a bowl of parsnip stew to a rich neighbour who once gave her a pitcher of lamb broth. Little Elmira Edwards, overworked and famished, must carry this gift to Mrs. Prescott before eating her own portion. Pride warms and nourishes this family. When Abel Edwards, the incompetent father, vanishes under a strong suspicion of suicide, Mrs. Edwards gives a decorous, though corpseless funeral, with sufficient tea and cake to have comforted the family through long weeks.

The story of Jerome's fight with poverty, the child forcing himself to a man's part, would be unbearable were it not for the author's intimate sense that the invincible thing in him, the unbreakable purpose, made life inevitable and therefore, in some strange way, worth while. A passion not of the senses throbs and quivers in Jerome, whether he be fighting and beating a bigger boy, wresting a living from the hard New England earth, or rejecting benefits.

Giving amounts to mania with him. Spurred on by the sight of mortgages being foreclosed, paternal acres sold for a song—all the detail of that condition which made of New England one vast deserted village—Jerome pledges himself, if ever money comes to him, to give it to the poor. His existence is adjusted to self-sacrifice, and then again Lucina Merritt crosses his path. With infinite lightness Miss Wilkins touches upon the embarrassment of love in the life of a young man who has left no place for it. Still, you wonder at such self-mastery. These are human beings—they love and suffer—but surely they conduct matters after a fashion of their own. No doubt Mrs. Edwards was eternally unflinching, no doubt Paulina Maria refused the money to save her blind son's eyesight. No doubt John Upham denied a doctor to his ailing baby, no doubt Jerome dominated his love. Perhaps all of the noble and difficult actions are the commonplace of New England village life. At least, while reading *Jerome* you almost believe it. On laying down the book, however, you grow suddenly inclined to protest. Yet, whether they truly are quite as Miss Wilkins here sees them, is hardly relevant, since she sees them so sincerely that her complete vision makes a consistent picture.

It is a common mistake to confound her absence of flame with lack of passion. Passion she has, but it is still, white heat, never a ruddy glow. It is the passion that sustains a sentinel quietly starving at his post, not the fury of cavalry charges.

Her humour is made up of insight and happy analogy. She does not provoke open laughter when she describes a schoolmarm as "mildly and assentingly good, virtue having, like the moon, only its simple illuminated side towards her vision." The titillation is too delicate for noisy mirth.

In *Jerome* there is the comfort of seeing some well-fed people (though sugar predominates distressingly in their diet). Miss Camilla Merritt has servants, a fine old house, a boy to weed her garden. Cream goes with her tea, and plum cake. Squire Merritt and his cronies play for small stakes and drink Mrs. Merritt's punch. Lucina has pretty clothes and a saddle horse. The Squire secretly prefers fishing to church-going. Yet the atmosphere of Puritanism never weakens. As in *Pembroke* and *Madelon*, the time of the story is vaguely remote; but if of doubtful benefit, this can hardly be rated a disadvantage, as, save for the matter of a hoop-skirt or two, never was period less emphasised.

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It is not easy to decide whether there are too many characters, or whether so many dour New Englanders make rather oppressive company. Jerome, Elmira, Dr. Prescott, Mrs. Edwards, Ozias Lamb, John Upham, Paulina Maria and the blind Henry doggedly knitting are all fierce with repressive pride, yet the whole book, in one point, surpasses *Pembroke* in its all-pervading sense of beauty. You actually linger upon the descriptions of nature instead of skipping them.

VI

This attraction is denied to *The Portion of Labour,* as here the stage is set in a manufacturing town. It is, moreover, fairly crowded with figures, some sharply realised like old Mrs. Zelotes Brewster, whose pride rates her own poor belongings above the richest possessions of other people—some shadowy and unconvincing, as Cynthia Lennox, a rich woman who for two whole days plays kidnapper to a lost child—and some, like Robert Lennox, the leading young man, who never seems more alive than the photograph of a tailor's dummy. Although *The Portion of Labour* deals with a strike, it is in no sense a labour novel. The trouble at Lloyds should be merely considered as an incident in the development of Ellen Brewster. Miss Wilkins rigidly abstains from taking sides, and if her sympathy obviously lies with the needy, her treatment of the problem is hardly such as to gratify the friends of Organised Labour.

Here, as ever, she is intensely personal. She sees in detail. Large issues do not animate her, and if both here and in *Jerome* there are prickings of Socialism, they come rather of an impulse towards the poor than from any specialised spirit of revolt. To be truthful, *The Portion of Labour* is long, and not too well held together, and as occasionally happens in this writer's sustained efforts, her style suffers, the analogies grow forced. No doubt she is bigger for occasionally venturing further afield. In so doing she is saved from shallowness, from tricks of repetition, from atrophy; but the flights themselves unveil weakness. At the same time, in that very weakness there is revelation of the source of her strength. She is absolutely free from didacticism. She is no showman objectively displaying her prim old maids, her girls with their fragile arms, sharp features and evanescent bloom. You sometimes doubt if she can have the slightest conception of how these New Englanders appear to the outside world, how forbidding their virtues, how bewildering their fierce, cold tenderness, how deplorable their tyranny of conscience. You suspect that to her they are just ordinary humanity, the norm! Being of them to her inmost fibre, she vibrates with their passions, stiffens with their pride. Her mouth might even grow moist at the sight of their endless pies and sweet-cakes. They are her people and she loves them!

It is not only the poor. Comfortable old ladies in rich silks, dispensing old-fashioned hospitality from ancestral silver and porcelain, are no less dear to her than ancient crones fighting off the poor-house in wayside cottages; but city-bred creatures like Cynthia Lennox seem out of the realm of her sympathies, and as it is through sympathy and emotion that she sees, such portraits are dim and ill-realised.

She never dislikes one of her eccentric villagers, domineering old men and women, insanely obstinate lovers, lukewarm New England nuns. To her they are comprehensible and therefore lovable, like a dog made cross by confinement. She no more presents them as specimens than decent people exhibit their grandmothers in a museum. If she chances to leave a genuine record of New England —when the farms were being abandoned, before country trolleys and rich settlers had brought back a measure of the prosperity that perished with the whale fisheries and the decline of a local agriculture —that is chance. She is nowhere a self-conscious observer and historian. There is no contrast, no point of observation. Her eye never rests on her audience. Absorbed in each story, identified with every character, she narrates spontaneously. In consequence, when she attempts a character with which she cannot be identified, whose outlook is different, whose skin she can by no possibility inhabit, that character fails. But this failure comes of her very sincerity. Curi-

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ously enough, the same condition affects her style. She has actually forged herself a medium. In the short stories it is pure, simple and tinged with a provincialism which admirably fits it to its subject. A skilful homeliness bridges over the gap between the delicately indicated dialect spoken by the characters and a tongue suited for literary narrative. She has found a perfect compromise, something as far from commonness as the manners of her gentle provincial ladies, yet, like them, vaguely savouring of rusticity. In the novels this is not always the case, and in *The Portion of Labour* the provincialisms grow aggressive, and for a curious reason. While unable to blend with the town rich, she perfectly identifies herself with the city poor, and as they are common, the commonness of their speech invades her narrative. She tells of "horseback-riding," of Ellen's "rubbers," of Mr. Lloyd's holding the "lines" (reins), of how Floretta "toed out." You rub your eyes. Can this be *your* Miss Wilkins? And what freak of anatomy was the "silent arm" which Ellen flung about her father's neck? And then you remember bits so fine and thoughtful as almost to reconcile to an abuse of "gotten" amounting to positive self-indulgence. Take the reflection upon Ellen: "The child might have been in some subtle and uncanny fashion the offspring of her age and generation instead of her natural parents"—simple, obvious even, but who before has said it so luminously?

Miss Wilkins has been compared to the Dutch and Flemish *genre* painters, to Gerard Dow, but the likeness is founded on a fancied similarity of subject. It entirely ignores the naïf quality of her style which (at its best) gives her the charm of something greater than skill, the touching sincerity of the primitives. And as the price of that naïveté, we must of course be prepared to accept certain limitations.

VII

Of her latest novel, *The Debtor*, it is well to speak with reserve. Miss Wilkins's transplanted genius proves its vitality by an effort to strike out new roots in the strange soil of New Jersey. But in leaving her own people, in losing that intense vibration with the perfectly understood, Miss Wilkins necessarily imperils her real ground of distinction. As her vibration is all the stronger for being special, not universal, so in new fields it becomes less available. The lack of journalistic quality, which places her so high in her own rank, becomes a handicap when she breaks fresh ground. In classing her as a specialist, it must not be overlooked that if she has chiefly confined herself to one locality, to one branch of the human race, within that boundary her observation knows no limit. Take her flowers, her trees, her birds, her animals. Here again are no snapshots, no "clever" sketches, but a deep, sentient familiarity with the ways of nature, and in such vignettes as *The Cat, The Monkey, The Squirrels*, she ventures beyond the realm of her etherialized realism into a country bordering upon fable.

Nothing could be more gayly whimsical than the points of view in *The Squirrels*. The farmer and his wife never harvest so much as a windfall from their English walnut tree. When after years of disappointment the old man finds the squirrels' hoard under his wood-pile he has every sense of being plundered.

When the squirrels see their winter store taken by this marauder, their sense of property is equally outraged. The situation grows tragic. You shrink in anticipation of starved furry bodies, limp, bushy tails.

The farmer relents, but Mrs. Farmer can see in the squirrels only law-breakers. She sends him to the loft for a dish of walnuts.

> "I dunno as I want any," he remarks as he pounds them. "I never did care much about nuts anyway, and somehow I've always felt as if we'd stole the squirrels' after they'd worked so hard." "How silly you be!" said his wife, but she looked at him lovingly. "You were always too tender-hearted for your own good. Talk about stealing; it was the squirrels that stole our nuts."

(Perhaps her admonition would have been less gentle had she known of that bag of shagbarks which her husband had bought and hidden in the ravished wood-pile.)

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But the squirrel and his mate had different views. . . . They were in the woods champing their supper of shagbarks, and often finding a wormy one, and they considered that the farmer had stolen their nuts.

Of the six ghost stories (*The Wind in the Rosebush*), five though admirably told are not remarkable. *Luella Miller,* however, has a peculiar interest. True to her instinctive avoidance of didacticism, Miss Wilkins doesn't even hint at its being an example of that belief in vampires which even now lingers in New England. She is telling the story of Luella Miller, not giving an account of contemporary demonology in outlying rural districts. Never a parenthesis is vouchsafed the reader. If you happen to know her country, you may ratify the truth of her stories. If not, little she cares to convince you!

To a genuine child of the soil, New England customs and characteristics are synonymous with those of the human race, so why explain? As far as the rest of the world is concerned, New England might be a rock-bound island. Here is no trace of cheap cosmopolitanism. Miss Wilkins is expressing that life, not describing it!

It is interesting to see the impression made by this special talent upon an appreciative foreigner. In a study of *Pembroke,* accompanying a translation of *A New England Nun,* in the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* Madame Blanc says:

All of this possesses a savage greatness, no matter how humble, how homely, how rude the subject. At first, passing through the terrible village of Pembroke, you are inclined to put considerable price upon lukewarm virtues, beginning with tolerance. Through a spirit of opposition you begin to excuse small weaknesses current in the world at large. But grow more widely acquainted with this little rustic society, so different from ours, and you cannot deny a vivifying influence—the same produced upon us by harsh sea winds or robust Alpine odours.

After pointing out the accord between character and climate, Madame Blanc ends with one of those fine observations in which French critics excel:

Through the very modern talent of Miss Wilkins one may study, not without interest, a soul as curious as the Scandinavian or the Russian, although one quite lacking the same enigmatic seduction; I mean the English soul of the Seventeenth Century, transplanted into a region . . . . which has become the ancient portion of America.

To this may be added a suggestion that through Miss Wilkins it is possible to gain understanding of that part of America which is not yet old.

The pioneers of New England sought religious liberty. Hence their own ways, their own customs, became to them not only dear, but sacred. Consequently, those in whom the old blood ran purest clung to tradition. These remained at home to starve upon exhausted bean and lettuce patches. The irreverent, on the other hand, cast tradition to the winds and went West. These new pioneers sought not only money, but relief from a form of religious liberty which quite excluded any chance of personal freedom. The condition worked as automatically as a cream separator. Old people and conservative young ones stayed at home, eking out an existence of inexpressible economy. As a result of this division, the breach of mental sympathy and understanding between East and West far exceeds that between the colonies and the old country, and for a clear comprehension of what the village of New England strives to preserve and the young Western towns look on with pitying contempt, no student of American psychology can afford to neglect the stories of Mary Wilkins.

Mary Moss.

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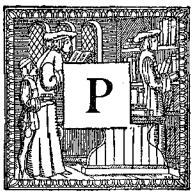
FRENCH AUTHORS AND BEST SELLERS



ROBABLY few of those on either side of the Atlantic who keep in close touch with French fiction, whether embodied in drama or romance, and to whom the names of Bourget, Maupassant, Daudet, Dumas, Mirbeau, Ohnet, Anatole France and others are familiar as household words, ever stop to consider the commercial side of the art.

And yet in France, as in the United States and England, the successful circulation of works of fiction is not only an art, but a *metier*—a trade in which author and publisher are the manufacturers of the commodities sold, and the names of the authors the trade-marks the wares bear when placed on the market, and secure their sale. Let us note a few of the more popular of these at the present moment—in short, the French "best sellers."

At the head of the list must be placed Georges Ohnet, who, despite his industry, his vigour, his graphic descriptions of the "Battles of Life," has not yet written himself within the charmed circle of the "Forty Immortals," or even won the esteem of the literary critics. Any book by Ohnet will sell to the extent of two hundred thousand copies, while several of his more popular works, such as *Serge Panine, Comtesse Sarah, Lise Fleuron,* and others, have exceeded this figure. Only one of them, however, his *Maître de Forges,* came near doubling it, the latter having been printed to the extent of three hundred and eighty thousand copies. The *Maître de Forges,* moreover, has had a vast circulation outside of France itself.

Only one other French author can be ranked with Ohnet in the matter of sales. Edmond Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac* has been bought to the extent of two hundred and eighty thousand copies, and of his *L'Aiglon* two hundred and fifty thousand copies have been printed. When it is considered how often these two dramas have been acted in France and elsewhere on the Continent, to say nothing of England and America, these figures are certainly extraordinary.

The success of Ohnet and Rostand has not been equalled by any other French writer of fiction now living. Paul Adam and Octave Mirbeau (in whom many recognise a writer who may yet reach the popularity of Zola), after a long interval, come next, with average sales of from fifty thousand to sixty thousand—figures which, however, all of their works do not reach, but which some of them surpass. Thus over one hundred thousand copies was the record of Mirbeau's *Journal d'une Femme de Chambre.*

Paul Bourget, Academician as he is, and well advertised, especially in the American papers, enjoys only an average sale of from twenty thousand to thirty thousand. His books published in the eighties, such as *Cruelle Énigme, Andre Cornelis, Mensonges,* and *Le Disciple,* seem to have been more popular than his later novels. His complete "works" may be obtained in twelve volumes.

Of the plays and romances of Paul Ernest Hervieu, among which may be mentioned *The Adventure, Flirt* and *Painted by Themselves,* and those of Marcel Prévost, who, prior to 1890, was a civil engineer in a tobacco factory, but whose *Demi Vierges* and *Vierges Fortes* gained him instant recognition, not more than from twenty thousand to twenty-five thousand are bought. The demand for the works of Catulle Mendes stops at about twenty thousand, while that of Anatole France, despite his election by the Academy and his having passed the ripe age of sixty, vacillates between fifteen and thirty thousand.

What may be styled the "double tandems"—the brothers Rosny and Paul and Victor Margueritte, working as two literary "teams"—turn out romances that command an average sale of from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand, while only

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twelve thousand of those signed by Abel Hermant can be sold. Readers of the novels and plays of Henri Lavedan are satisfied with editions that vary from between ten thousand and fifteen thousand copies.

Turning for a moment to popular historians and contrasting the consumption of their works with those of the writers of fiction, we find that one of the most widely read, Henry Houssaye, cannot sell, on an average, more than twelve thousand copies of any of his books, and that from eight thousand to twelve thousand of the historical romances of Gosselin-Lenôtre fully supply the demand.

It is a curious fact that Pierre Decourcelle does not meet with the same success when his stories are placed on the market in book form as when they appear first as "feuilletons." In the latter event from forty thousand to eighty thousand readers can be counted upon, with corresponding profit to the author and the journal printing it; but when the "libraries" alone are depended upon, not more than four thousand copies are usually sold.

Among the popular women writers "Gyp" and "Bob" must be mentioned first, although only one person is thus indicated. The Countess de Martell writes the books signed "Gyp," and the Countess de Martell, who, by the way, is the grandniece of Mirabeau, illustrates and draws caricatures for separate works. Right royally has she responded to the demands of her admirers, as a list of her published volumes attests. Their circulation ranges between twenty thousand and twenty-five thousand each, which is good for a woman writer in France, seeing that there is only one other who can claim anything like as large a circulation. This is Mme. Marcelle Tinayre, who averages a sale of between ten thousand and twenty-five thousand copies, but whose *Maison du Péché* so pleased the French public that these figures were largely exceeded. There are *no* rivals, however, to Mesdames Mirabeau and Tinayre, as the third in the list, Mme. Jeanne Marni, can sell only from four thousand to eight thousand of her most popular books, and the poems and romances of the Countess de Noailles rarely exceed a sale of six thousand.

The true criterion of popularity, however, for the average writer, is considered, in Paris, not the sales on publication, but the prices that the authors command when their works are offered at second-hand. Subjected to this test, Anatole France is found to be one of the most popular, his three-franc volumes never bringing less at second-hand than two and a half francs. For Mirbeau's books two francs must be paid, while the Bourget and Maurice Barrès volumes sell for from 1.50 francs to 1.75 francs, Ohnet bringing only 1.25 francs to 1.50 francs.

In this connection it must be remembered that the French publishers do not follow the example of theatrical managers and politicians in the matter of *réclame*. So far as the newspapers are concerned, they have not the opportunities enjoyed by their American brethren. Advertising space is too valuable in Parisian journals, even were it the custom, to permit the insertion of "scare-head" announcements of new books. The *Vient de Paraître* in the bookseller's window, and the enclosing band, is usually all the advertisement that new French books receive.

Besides this, publishers do what they can to push their issues by cheap editions. To say nothing of the low-priced reprints of the French classics that are always obtainable, many publishers have 3.50-franc and one-franc editions of works by the same author, but of course not the same romances. Thus this summer the ninth, tenth, eleventh, fourteenth, and sixteenth editions of *La Bête, Blacks and Reds, The Adventure of Ladislas Bolski, Miss Rovel,* and *Le Roman d'une Honnête Femme,* all by Victor Cherbuliez, have been placed on the market at one franc each. *Count Kostia* (in its sixteenth edition), *Jean Tetarol's Idea, Samuel Brohl &Co.,* with a dozen of his other books, can only be bought new at 3.50 francs.

It is at the railway book-stalls that the cheap editions find their largest sale, and where, too, the sensualist, one regrets to note, may wallow in a sea of pornographic romances that no reputable

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dealer would place on his shelves in New York.

From the figures given, it will be seen how limited a circulation the books of the great mass of romance writers in France attain. In making selections at the book-stalls one does very well to be guided by the number of the edition printed on the title page; as although one may not know definitely the number of copies going to form an edition (a French edition, however, usually means five hundred copies), it still constitutes a basis for estimate. It must also be remembered that the cost of producing a novel bound in paper, owing to the smaller amount expended for rent and labour, is only a trifle as compared with the cost of the same in the United States, not counting in the cloth binding of American novels. This, of course, is in favour of the author, who gets his hearing at the bar of public opinion in France far more readily than he could hope to do in this country.

Thus, of the three cities, Paris, London and New York, it is in Paris that he can most easily force his way into print. In London he has the advantage of cheaper labour, and the custom of circulating through the big libraries, such as Mudie's, which makes the entire United Kingdom his market. In New York he has the advantage of cheaper and more generous advertising, and a considerably larger *clientèle,* but even with these it is doubtful whether he achieves a pecuniary success at all adequate as a reward for the labour performed, or equal to the recompense that would await the same exertion in almost any other profession. In the case of the novelist of only average ability, the Latin maxim must apply: *Labour ipse voluptas.*

J. Henry Hager.

TRAFFIC

I dreamed the sea was still. Sudden as sleep
Calm was. The huddled green and foam fell grey
And smooth and mute. As silent as shut cups
And windless reeds, and certain love, the deep
Lay, shadowless of spray on silver spray.

Then came one with strange weeds and sands of gold
And silken stems and tried to traffic. I,
Who saw the dream of tides in tideless face
Of ocean, for my tears I could not buy—
Until I saw the eyes of her who sold.

Zona Gale.

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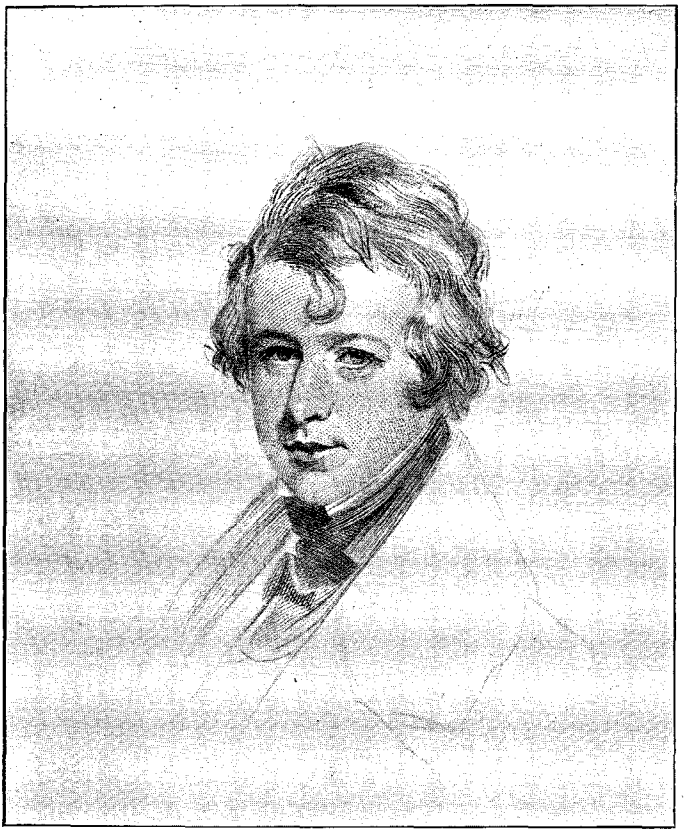

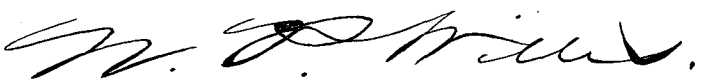

N. P. WILLIS AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES

THE year 1907 will no doubt witness a vast addition to the existing volume of criticism and appreciation of Longfellow, since it will be the centenary of his birth. The present year, however, seems to be passing without the slightest reference in the literary periodicals to a fellow-townsman of Longfellow's, who, though now but little read, did nevertheless occupy a considerable space in the estimation of both Americans and Englishmen for half a century. Nathaniel Parker Willis was born in Portland, Maine, on January 20, 1806,* and from early youth until his death in 1867 he was a figure of importance in the field of letters and in the social world. To most readers who were born since the end of the Civil War he has become little more than a name—a name associated vaguely with some Scriptural verses, with the late *Home Journal* of New York, which he founded, and with some almost forgotten frivolities. As a matter of fact, however, there are several phases in the long career of Willis, any one of which

*The preface to a reprint of Willis's poems by J. W. Lovell & Co., New York, wrongly gives 1807 as the date of his birth.

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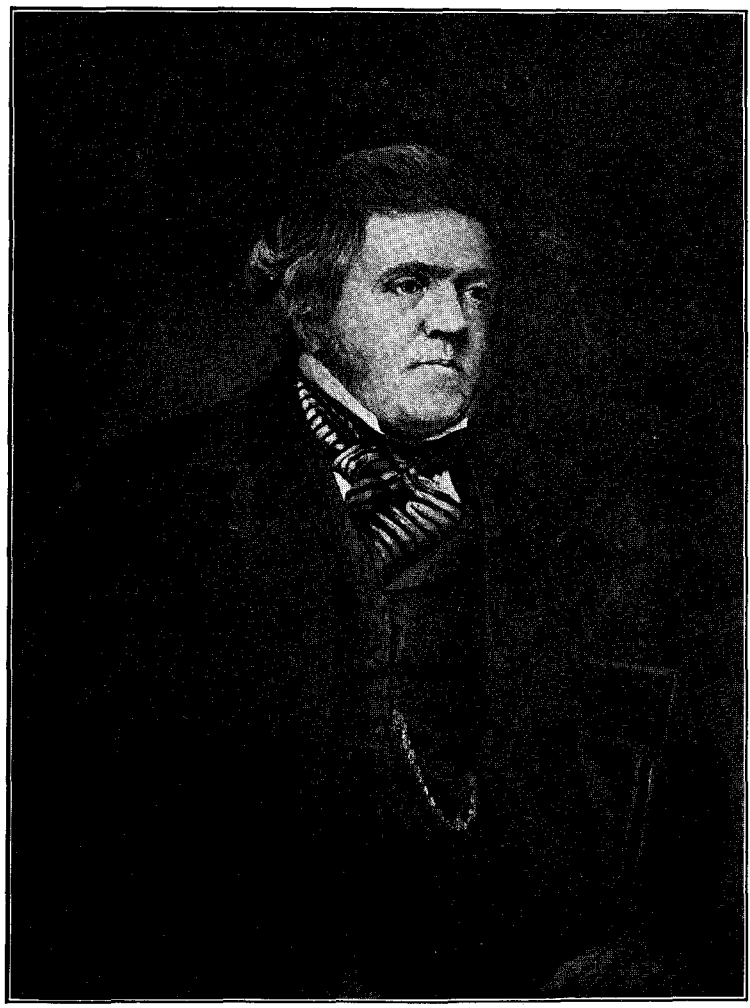
would justify a serious consideration of the man and of his work.

In the first place, his literary associations and the extent of his literary acquaintanceship would make him in retrospect an unusual figure. The *concivis* and friend of Longfellow, the schoolmate of Emerson, the intimate of Hawthorne, with whom he wrote under the Philistine patronage of Samuel G. Goodrich or "Peter Parley," Willis added to these friendships many more that were no less notable. He was among the first to give encouragement to Lowell, who always felt warm gratitude in return. He it was who launched Bayard Taylor upon his career when Taylor was a penniless and friendless boy. Willis also reckoned among his American friends and confrères such tried knights of the pen as Irving, Bryant, Halleck, Fenimore Cooper, R. H. Dana, Hildreth the historian, Richard Henry Stoddard, Charles A. Dana, and Horace Greeley. He was engaged to the sister of Park Benjamin the elder, and the lady, at the instance of her family, broke off the engagement and married Motley. Willis, as editor, had for his assistants James Parton, Edgar Allan Poe, and Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Parton married Fanny Fern, who was the sister of Willis. Thus, in some fashion



THACKERAY ABOUT 1838

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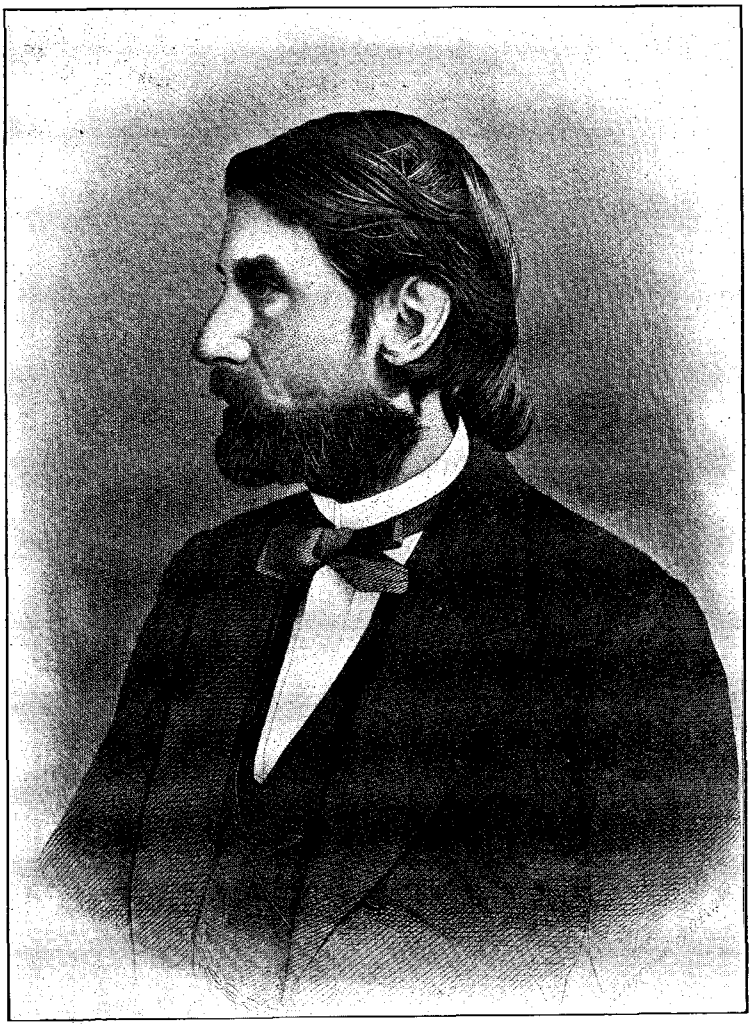
or other, Willis seemed to come into personal relations with every man of letters on this side of the Atlantic who was at all worth while.

And across the sea his life touched other and sometimes still greater personages. Willis discovered Thackeray and made him known to Americans long before *Vanity Fair* had been written or conceived. He knew Dickens when Boz was still viewed as only a smart young scribbler. He breakfasted with Charles and Mary Lamb. He was entertained, and later vilified, by Walter Savage Landor, who gave Willis an unenviable fame in the postscript to his *Pericles and Aspasia.* To him the Countess Guiccioli imparted her memories of Byron. Lady Byron praised his writings, and Byron's sister, Augusta Leigh, gave him an autograph letter of the poet's; while Joanna Baillie, Scott's friend, paid him graceful compliments. Captain Marryat challenged him to a duel because Willis in a private letter had described *Peter Simple* and its successors as "gross trash." A more serious indiscretion of Willis's caused Thomas Moore and O'Connell the "Liberator" to break off a long friendship. Campbell told Willis anecdotes of



JAMES PARTON

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Burns; Disraeli diverted him with epigrams; Bulwer-Lytton harangued him; Samuel Rogers entertained him; and Lady Blessington tried to find him a rich wife. Indeed, to run over the names of those whom Willis knew in the heyday of his career would be almost to produce a catalogue of England's famous writers in the Early Victorian Period. One who had intimately met so many interesting personages would of necessity become interesting himself, by this very fact, even were he quite usual—and Willis was not usual.

For in other ways Willis claims consideration. He was one of the very first American writers, if not the very first, who made a living by his pen, and not merely a living but a very good one. He ought to become a sort of Patron Saint for those who write for magazines. Such writing was not remunerative before Willis, by his cleverness, compelled the publishers to send him liberal cheques. The *North American Review,* when founded, paid its most eminent contributors at the rate of two dollars per page of about 1,000 words. Willis, even while a boy at Yale, got more than that. Later, when he received $50 for four small printed pages of contributed matter, he made a new "record" among his brethren of the periodical press. It seems small enough in these days, but it was astonishing then. When Robert Bonner of the *New York Ledger* sent Willis $100 for a short poem, there was more stir made than when, years afterwards, *St. Nicholas* was said to have sent Tennyson $1000 for a shorter one. In fact, Willis lived well all his life, with no source of supply save his ink bottle and his pen. When he first went abroad, in 1831, it was with only $500 as his fortune, and a promise of ten dollars for every letter that he should write for the *New York Mirror*—not more, however, than one letter each week. In Europe Willis lived with nobles and gentlemen, dined at ease with kings, consorted with the greatest in whatever land he visited, paid his way, married, returned home, purchased an estate, received what was then the handsome revenue of $7500 annually, entertained lavishly, went everywhere—and all by the magic of his pen, in a country which had but half awakened

MRS. EDWIN FORREST

CHEVALIER WIKOFF

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to an appreciation of literature, and which was hungering only after newspapers.

This last fact in reality explains the secret of the vogue which Willis had. Born of a family of journalists, he was himself *au fond* a journalist, but in the best sense of that word—in the sense in which we may apply it to Mr. Richard Harding Davis, or to Mr. William Allen White. It may be questioned whether we may not very fairly apply it also to Charles Dickens—that is, to the Dickens of the *Pickwick Papers* and *Oliver Twist* and *Nicholas Nickleby*. Dickens and Willis had, at least, these things in common—the pictorial sense, a quick eye for the salient things, and the gift for making the reader *see* whatever was described. So Willis nearly always interested. He was a born reporter of *choses vues*, of table-talk, of what men and women were doing. And when he cared to take the time he could write with a style that had some very serious merits, with its ready gift of phrasing, its deftness, and its harmonious cadences. He may be said to have created what we now mean by "foreign correspondence" in the press; and he was the first foreign correspond-

CAPTAIN MARRYAT

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ent to lay stress upon what was personal. One may style him an earlier and an American de Blowitz, for his once widely-read *Pencillings by the Way* were read as eagerly as the revelations which de Blowitz used to make from 1870 to 1880.

These *Pencillings* for years have lain amid the dust of libraries in the uncomely covers in which they last appeared. They are thought of as merely the *ephemera* of a by-gone day. But there are signs that their true importance will be

THE COUNT D'ORSAY

recognised at last. The English essayist who writes over the name of "George Paston" not long ago thought it worth while to publish a long paper upon Willis, of whom he very truly said: "Thanks to his Boswelling powers, . . . Willis has left an admirably vivid picture of the literary society of London in the thirties —a picture that steadily increases in value as the period at which it was painted recedes into the past . . . In this country [England] his fame, such as it is, will rest upon his sketches of such celebrities as Lamb, Moore, Bulwer, D'Orsay, and Disraeli. So long as we retain any interest in them and their works, we shall like to know how they looked and dressed, and what they talked about in private life." The day, I think, is not far distant when the historical value of what Willis wrote of England will be fully felt, and when his *Pencillings* will emerge from their obscurity to take a permanent place beside the memoirs of Greville and the letters of Horace Walpole.

Willis was, in person, graceful, almost handsome, and of exceedingly good manners. Oliver Wendell Holmes said of him that he was "something between a remembrance of Count D'Orsay and an anticipation of Oscar Wilde." A certain jauntiness and glitter of gilded youth sat well enough upon him as a young man, and he was the transatlantic replica of Disraeli and Bulwer in their salad days. The same jauntiness, verging upon affectation, was perceptible in a great deal that he wrote. He assumed the air of a very *rusé* worldling, spoke of the Johannisberger at his elbow, and of the amber-handled pen with which to write in summer, so as to be cooler for the palm—an unconscious echo of Juvenal's exquisite with his *æstivum aurum*. These harmless absurdities offended many serious and worthy souls in the early days of our social development. They rebuked him with ponderous gravity instead of laughing at him; and he was "excommunicated" from the Park Street Congregational Church in Boston for having attended a theatre. Obviously he was out of place in the Boston of 1829, and very naturally he made New York his final choice for a centre of activity, where for several decades he represented both with his pen and in his own person the sort of fashionable life which throve when Saratoga was an American Carlsbad, and when Lebanon and Trenton Falls were known to the gay world. As one turns over the fugitive pages in which Willis sketched lightly, yet very deftly, the manners of his time, one seems to get a

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ghostly glimpse of the rustling crinoline, the "sontags," the pinched waists, and the white-stockinged feet, and to hear the airs of the old Italian operas mingled with bits of Balfe and the balladists of the forties.

That, with all his dandyism, Willis had a critical sense in literature, deserving to be styled something more than a mere *flair,* is seen in his discovery of Thackeray, whereof I have already spoken. This was in 1839, when the future novelist had as yet made no stir in England. He had lost his fortune—or rather spent it—and was living by his work upon such periodicals as *Fraser* and *Blackwood's,* acting also as critic on the staff of the London *Times.* His two books, *The Yellowplush Papers,* and *Major Gahagan,* had been pronounced clever, but had received no serious criticism. It was just before this that Thackeray had waited upon Dickens and asked to be allowed to illustrate his books—an offer which was rather too carelessly rejected. Willis, however, discerned the promise of the coming man. He sought him out at once, on visiting London for the second time, and wrote to his own paper in New York some interesting sentences:

LADY BLESSINGTON

Mr. Thackeray breakfasted with me yesterday . . . . Thackeray is a tall, athletic man of about thirty-five, with a look of talent that could never be mistaken. He has cultivated his natural talents very highly, and is one of the most accomplished draughtsmen in England, as well as the cleverest and most brilliant of periodical writers.

Willis succeeded in engaging Thackeray to write for the New York *Corsair,* at "a guinea a *close column*" (the italics

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are Willis's); and on these modest terms, Thackeray sent eight papers to the *Corsair,* signed T. T. (Timothy Titmarsh). Some of them afterwards appeared in Thackeray's *Paris Sketch Book.* Allusion to the episode is made in a well-known passage of *Philip.*

As to Willis's personal and social gifts, the surest test of them is found in the fact that he, a young, unknown American, with few letters of introduction, made for himself a distinct place among the most distinguished English men and women; and not the place of a stranger, but of a valued friend. He liked the English and they liked him. Miss Mitford wrote of him: "He is a very elegant young man and more like one of our peers' sons than a rough republican." He made long visits at the greatest country seats—those of the Duke of Argyll, the Duke of Gordon, Lord Grey, and a score of others little less distinguished—and he was asked to return whenever and for so long as he might wish to stay. He married his first wife in England, Miss Mary Stace, daughter of a retired General of Artillery who had served at Waterloo. It was declared by Willis's enemies that he abused the generous hospitality shown him by turning it into "copy" for his *Pencillings.* Lockhart in the *Quarterly* with fine old Tory wrath called Willis "a Yankee poetaster," "a man creeping into your house and forthwith printing, before your claret is dry on his lips, unrestrained table-talk on delicate subjects." And Dr. William Maginn (whom Thackeray impaled as Bludyer in *Pendennis*) fell upon Willis in *Fraser's* with a vulgarity of abuse such as would not be printed in a gutter-sheet to-day. "Jackass," "ninny," "lickspittle," and "a beggarly skittler," were some of the epithets which he showered upon Willis, of whom it may be mentioned that he shared this same species of critical damnation with poor Miss Landon whom Maginn also disgracefully attacked. The best answer to the charge brought by Lockhart and his fellows may be found in the circumstance that not one house was closed to Willis by reason of his so-called indiscretions, but that he was welcomed back again to be praised for the vivacity and good-nature of his *Pencillings.* Dickens, in a private letter to John Forster, burlesqued some of these descriptions of Willis's; and Thackeray poked some harmless fun at him as a lady-killer, styling him "Willis the Conqueror;" but no friend of his liked him or trusted him the less.

Though his antagonists in the press sometimes spoke of N. P. Willis as "Namby-Pamby Willis," his dandyism was backed up by abundant manliness. When Captain Marryat challenged him to a duel, the American chose a military friend as second, and, waiving his right to choose the place, agreed to meet the irate sailor at Ostend. Marryat in the end withdrew his challenge, but not until he had conceded all that Willis declared to be essential. Again, in this country, Willis clashed with the once-noted John Van Buren—"Prince John" as he was called—the son of President Van Buren. Van Buren in the still-remembered Forrest divorce-case, went so far in his personal abuse of Willis that the latter sent him a dignified demand for an apology, failing which a challenge to fight was definitely suggested. Van Buren returned the note to Willis with a contemptuous line or two, and was thereupon publicly posted by the latter in the words: "I now pronounce you a coward as well as a proper companion for the blackguards whose attorneyship constitutes your career." Van Buren plainly showed the white-feather, and public sentiment was with Willis.

The Forrest divorce-case, already mentioned, affords, however, the most striking proof not only of his physical, but of his moral courage. Edwin Forrest, the actor, had married a very charming, gentle-mannered Englishwoman, a Miss Catherine Sinclair, who made many friends among the literary set in New York. Forrest was a man of herculean stature, tremendous physical force, and natural if untrained dramatic powers. In such melodramatic rôles as those of Spartacus, Metamora, Jack Cade, and Virginius he thrilled vast audiences. Even in certain plays of Shakespeare, as *Othello,* he was impressive—not giving any subtle meaning to the part, but unchaining, as it were, a

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human tiger before his audiences. When old age had somewhat softened the blaze of his fierce fires, he gave a dignified and kingly impersonation of Macbeth and Lear. As a man, he was uneducated, fond of low company, spoiled by the grossest flattery, violent, suspicious and easily enraged. He grew jealous of the attention paid to his wife by men and women of a higher type than his own associates, and at last he came to believe her unfaithful to him. His treatment of her was unbearable and she sued him for divorce in 1850. Mrs. Forrest had the sympathy of the most respected members of the community. She was a friend of Mrs. Willis and had often been a guest at the home of the Willises. Forrest threatened Willis that if he meddled with the affair he would find himself involved in the charges made against Mrs. Forrest. Willis did not hesitate an instant. He wrote and published in his own periodical a spirited defence of Mrs. Forrest, denouncing the attempts that had been made "to enlist kitchen and brothel against her." Then, scorning to take refuge in the editorial "we," he signed his own name to the article.

When Forrest read it he swore with many oaths, "I will cut his heart out!" And soon after, meeting Willis in the street, he felled him at a blow. It was said at the time that Forrest approached Willis from behind; but this is probably untrue. Nevertheless the assault was cowardly to a degree. Willis was a much older man than Forrest, of delicate physique, and was just recovering from a severe illness. Bystanders prevented Forrest from further violence; but he carried out his former threat and dragged Willis into the divorce suit as a co-respondent, besides suing him for libel.

EDWIN FORREST

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Mrs. Forrest, however, triumphed, receiving a release from her husband and a judgment for alimony, which Forrest with savage pertinacity fought from court to court for eighteen years, until at last, in 1868, he was forced to pay the award, then increased to $64,000. Dur-

LYDIA MARIA CHILD

ing the trial of the case in 1851, Mrs. Willis—a second wife, formerly Miss Cornelia Grinnell—sat by her husband's side and heard unmoved the foul abuse which John Van Buren hurled at him.

Willis had many enemies, but it may be fairly said that he never wantonly provoked one. The most painful of all the attacks made upon him was that by his sister, Sarah Payson Willis (Fanny Fern), who bitterly assailed him in private conversation and finally sought to discredit him by caricaturing him in a novel, because, as she said, he had tried from jealousy to dissuade her from authorship. Fanny Fern married James Parton, and thereafter the two made common cause against one who had never done either of them aught but good.

Willis wrote incessantly and with no preparation. Probably this manner of writing was best suited to his temperament and he could have written better in no other way. Lowell in his *Fable for Critics* wrote of him:

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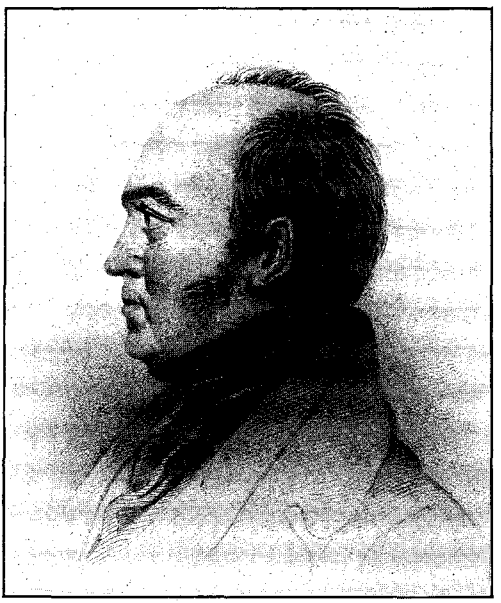
"So his best things are done in the flush of the moment."

Frequently he revamped old material, using the same thing over and over again. Naturally most of such writing could not endure. Yet the best of it was sometimes very good; for he had a touch of the divine spark. Professor H. A. Beers who, in his biography of Willis, has handled a bewildering mass of material with admirable skill and taste, does justice to the merit of much that Willis penned. Yet I think that he fails to give their full due to the so-called Scriptural poems. The fact that they have outlasted their author's fame and still retain vitality in popular appreciation, seems to show that there is something in them which deserves to live. I had not read them for nearly thirty years when I took them down the other day; and they seemed more than good. They show little or none of the stilted, declamatory rhetoric that was the approved model for such verse when Willis wrote "Absalom," "The Leper," and "The Widow of Nain." There are in them dignity and grace, and often the note of true feeling which cannot be mistaken. And the pictorial element, in which Willis seldom failed, is always there. Take, for example, the opening lines of "The Widow of Nain:"

"The Roman sentinel stood helm'd and tall
Beside the gate of Nain. The busy tread
Of comers to the city-mart was done,
For it was almost noon, and a dead heat
Quivered upon the fine and sleeping dust,
And the cold snake crept panting from the wall,
And basked his scaly circles in the sun.
Upon his spear the soldier leaned and kept
His idle watch; and, as his drowsy dream
Was broken by the solitary foot
Of some poor mendicant, he raised his head
To curse him for a tributary Jew,
And slumb'rously dozed on."



WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

As a perfect fancy caught and prisoned within four lines, the following is very characteristic of Willis when he is quite spontaneous. It is from the little poem addressed from Europe to Miss Mary Benjamin, at a time when he still hoped to win her:

"I give it to the winds! The bird
Let loose to his far nest will flee;
And love, though breathed but in a word,
Will find thee over land and sea."

Willis had the respect and the affection of his brother writers to an unusual degree. With all his whimsicality and his lightness, he had given something to his country's literature. It was not without significance that, when he died, and his remains were borne to St. Paul's Church in Boston, among those who bore his pall there should be numbered men of true distinction in the record of American letters—Aldrich, R. H. Dana, Holmes, Longfellow and Lowell.

Harry Thurston Peck.

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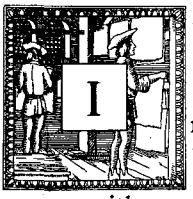
GERMANY'S ONE HUNDRED STUDENT CORPS



I HAD not been an hour in Munich before I saw two young men, one dressed in a sort of half-military, half-civilian costume of dark clothes striped with bright green, with a round cap to match, and across the breast some green ribbons worn from right to left. The other young fellow was dressed in a similar costume, but in lieu of a cap he wore a black silk bandage, covering his head like a turban. A few moments later I met another couple, this time with yellow trimmings on their clothes and caps, and again one of the lads wore a silk turban and on his face strips of court-plaster. Then I saw other young men in this sort of uniform without turbans, but bearing on their foreheads, cheeks and chins deep scars. Before the day was over I had noticed scores of such young fellows, and in the evening a German acquaintance told me that, as I had already surmised, these were all members of Student Corps; the fellows with silk bandages in lieu of caps were nursing fresh wounds received in Corps duels.

The following day I happened to pass a photographer's show-window, in which was displayed a large picture of a group of such students, each one holding a beer-mug, and almost every man in the group was more or less disfigured by ugly scars. Not only we saw much of the Corps students during the next three months of our stay in Munich, meeting hundreds of them every day in the streets, but we heard them shouting and singing in their favorite restaurants and cafés until early morning. And we were told queer stories about them, as, for instance, that not one in twenty of them opened a book or attended a lecture during the first year of university life; and that even if a young man wished to study there was too much drinking, fighting and gambling to be done to allow any time for it. Also that the normal condition of every Corps student was to be head-over-ears in debt to his tailor, boarding-house-keeper and restaurant.

As I came to see more of the students in Berlin, Dresden, and Leipsic as well as in Munich, I became interested in them and gradually found out much about their life. We have our college societies at home, but the most venerable of them are mushroom affairs compared to these German university Corps, and they play no such part in the life of the students. One may almost say that in Germany the young man is a Corps member first of all, and a student if he finds any time for study. With us it is the other way.

The history of the institution dates back to the middle ages. At times it has been decried as the ruin of German youth, and again highly praised as essential to the best type of manhood. "Free is the lad" ("Frei ist der Bursche") has been a catch-phrase in the song and talk of Germany's student world for the last two hundred years; and the authorities of many towns have often thought that the lad was a great deal too free, notably when, as often happened during the Thirty Years' War, it was hard to distinguish between students and highwaymen, their manners were so much alike.

The first student corporations date back to the fourteenth century, when at the great universities of Paris, Bologna, Vienna and Prague the students banded themselves according to their nationality and in some instances according to the particular branch of study pursued. Nationality, politics and religion determined the membership of some student associations, and religion to this day still enters into the question, for there are Corps to which only Protestants are admitted, and others which are wholly Roman Catholic. In other respects a boy belongs to the Corps to which his social standing and, to a lesser degree, his financial standing entitle him. In the two most exclusive Corps in Munich no young man is admitted whose income is less than

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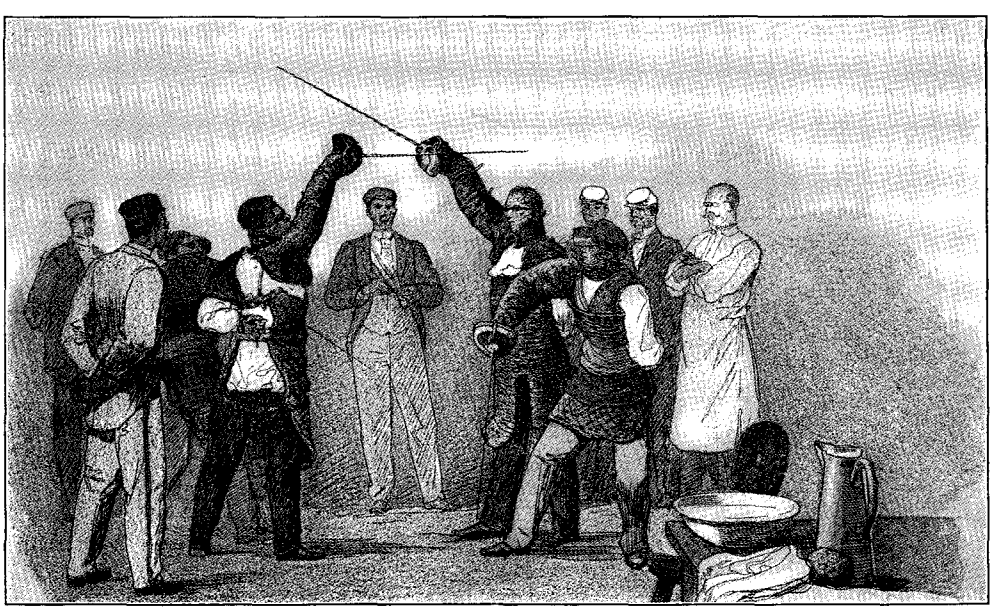
three hundred marks a month—about seventy-five dollars. In Munich and in Dresden, but not in Berlin, a shopkeeper's son is not eligible in some of the best Corps. When I was in Dresden there was quite a little fuss over the black-balling of a student in one of the Corps for no other reason, apparently, than that his father kept a well-known glove shop; while in the same Corps was the son of a man who manufactured gloves, but sold them only to dealers.

The last half of the eighteenth century proved to be a period so disastrous to the universities of France and Germany that all the old student associations died from inanition. Real fighting gave place to sham battles. The beginning of the last century found Germany exhausted and her universities empty. With the revival of prosperity reappeared a number of flourishing student unions. One of these, the "Order of the Black Brothers," founded in 1799 at Erlangen, is the oldest German student union still in existence, and it was to this association that the name Corps was first given. By 1816 the "Mœnania" had been founded at Wurzburg, the "Bavaria" and "Suevia" at Munich, the "Teutonic" at Halle. The old German designation of "Landsmannschaft" gave way to the new name of Corps, but the principles of the old associations remained very nearly those of the new. The Corps was intended to make a man of the student if not a scholar; it prescribed various rules as to his dress, behaviour, work and play, all of which had to be rigidly obeyed.

Up to the time of the Reformation the student costume was a clerical one. At the time of Charles V it took on more of a military aspect, with a Spanish colouring—jerkin with puffed and slashed sleeves, high boots and dangling daggers. During the eighteenth century, when Germany was afflicted with Gallomania, the students affected short breeches, gold-laced coats, powdered hair and three-cornered hats, this costume giving place after the Napoleonic wars to that of the German burgher—a coloured coat with brass or silver buttons, leather breeches, an embroidered waistcoat and an imposing cue. A more soldier-like dress came later and prevailed until about fifty years ago, when gaudy dress disappeared in favour of plain black or drab-coloured clothes trimmed with bright colours.

To-day there are more than one hundred university Corps in Germany. With



"READY FOR THE FIGHT! GO!"

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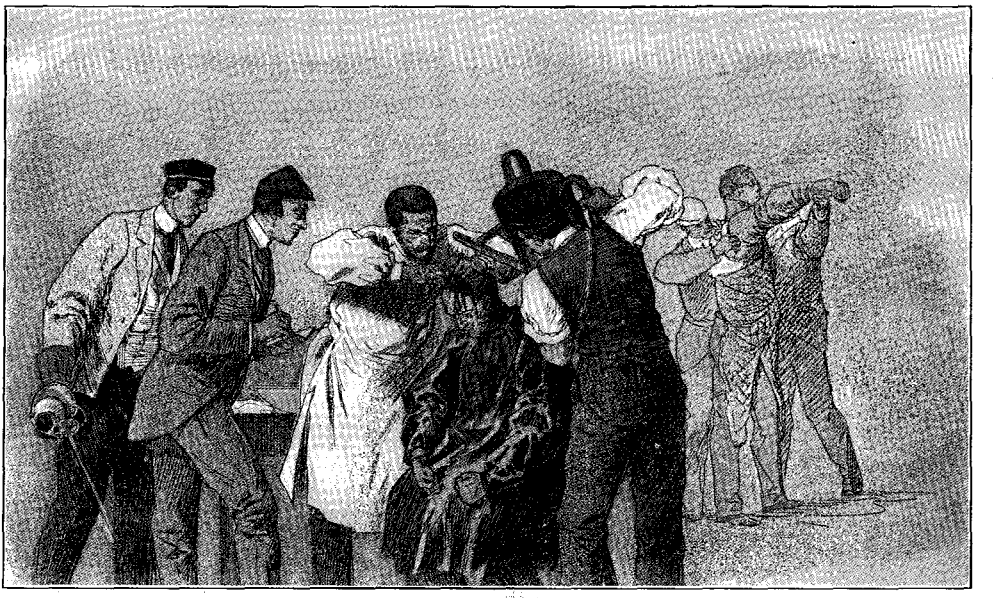

DRESSING A WOUND

the names, arms and colours of each the full-fledged Corps member is expected to be familiar; he has to pass an examination upon these points before he is received into full membership. A brief mention of the Munich Corps, their year of organisation and colours, will suffice here. We have the "Suevia," 1803, white and light blue; "Palatia," 1813, red and light blue; "Bavaria," 1816, white stripes and dark blue; "Isaria," 1821, light green and blue; "Franconia," 1836, green, white and red; "Macaria," 1848, black, white and red; "Brunswiga," 1882, blue, white and gold. Each Corps has its own coat of arms and motto.

At the beginning of every university year the officers of the different Corps try to enlist the best among the new men, who are invited as guests to meet the Corps; if they like the members and the members like them, they join, becoming "Foxes" for the first and perhaps second term, during which time they must serve some older member of the Corps, receiving instruction and advice from him in return. Every morning is devoted to sword practice, ending usually with a drinking bout (Frühschoppen). About one o'clock the Corps dines in a restaurant where tables are reserved for it, and after dinner come games of cards, billiards, etc., during which the officers of the Corps settle various matters, such as projected duels, etc. Then may come more sword practice. The evening finds the members of the Corps at a café, where beer drinking, according to certain rules, talk and singing last until late at night or early morning. The "Salamander" is perhaps the most characteristic observance at the Kneipe, or evening meeting. At the word of command from the Senior or President of the Corps, all the students rise, beer-mugs in hand; when the Senior shouts out "Two," the lids of the mugs fly back and at "Three!" they pour the beer down their throats. Again the Senior calls out, the lids are closed and the mugs are brought down upon the table with a mighty crash.

So much has been written about the student duels that but little remains to be told. They are maintained and tolerated, although proscribed by law, chiefly because it is thought that fighting and suffering make a man of the student —the Spartan idea—and so long as such men as Prince Bismarck praised the duelling practices of the German student it was found hard to put a stop to them. To-day, however, there are signs fore-

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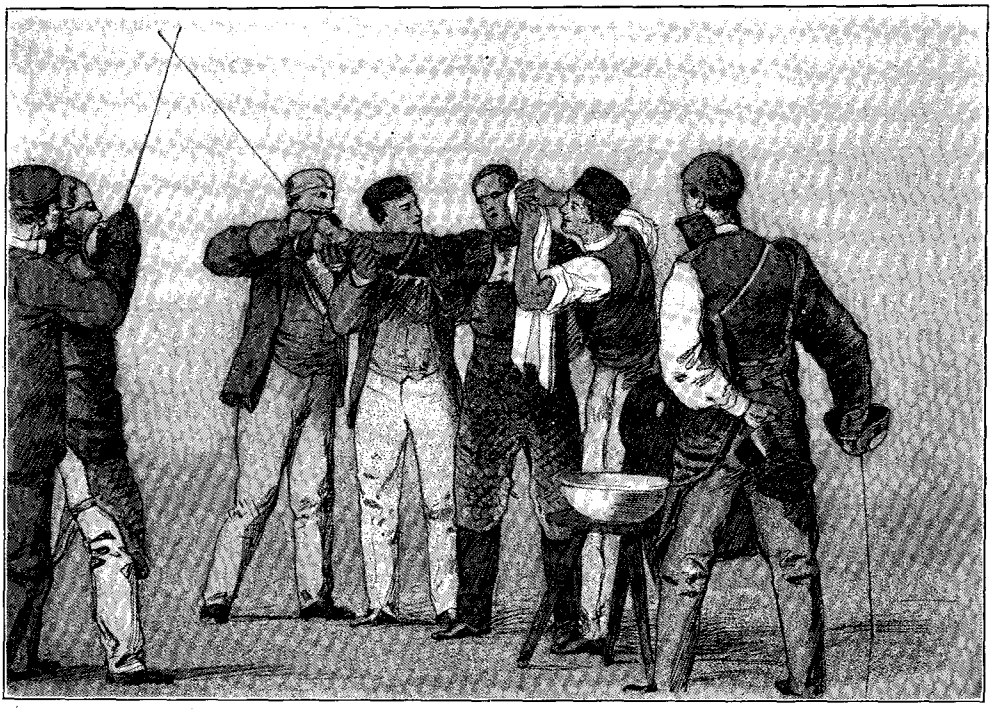

STANCHING THE BLOOD

shadowing a radical change in the next generation. Young men of good family in England, France and America learn to stand up straight and to hold their own in a fight without wasting a year's time in professional brawling or getting themselves disfigured for life. But that the duelling still goes on in Germany is very evident. It was not my luck to see any of the duels, but friends have described them to me in detail.

There are two classes of duels—those fought "by agreement," merely to keep the men in practice and for the honour of their Corps, and those fought to avenge insults, often of the pettiest kind. For instance, if a student is dissatisfied with the bow made to him by another student, or if one student stares too persistently at another, there is a duel. The reputation of the Corps requires that it shall have to its credit a certain number of duels during the year, and so pretexts are made for picking a quarrel with members of other Corps. A young man in search of a fight goes about the café treading on the tails of dogs belonging to other student Corps and can thus make material for half a dozen duels in as many minutes.

The encounters are conducted with the utmost decorum and regard for precedent. The two young men having been padded around the body and further protected with goggles and neckbands, with their ears tied back with tape so that they may not be cut off, are let loose at one another only after endless salutations. A surgeon stands ready to see that no serious injury is done, and the "foxes" sponge off the swords with carbolised water. The neglect of this latter precaution may lead to fearful results. At the University of Jena in 1882 an unusually large number of duels were fought one day with swords not properly cleansed; three students died of blood-poisoning and more than forty were laid up in the hospital.

Sometimes the wounds are severe enough to lay a man up in the hospital, and occasionally an ear or a nose is sliced off. An amusing story is told in Heidelberg concerning a duel in which a

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PRACTISING FOR A MENSUR IN DRESDEN

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well-known professor took part when a young man. It was a "courtesy" duel in one of the big halls on the hill overlooking the town. As upon all these occasions, many of the students had their dachshunds with them, the dogs taking a lively interest in the proceedings. The fight in which Professor ——— figured was a particularly spirited one, but proved disastrous, as owing to a slip a good part of his nose was taken off in quite an appalling manner. The surgeons laid him down and washed off the wound preparatory to sewing on the missing piece. But upon a search for it, there was consternation. It was nowhere to be found—one of the dachshunds had swallowed it. So Professor ——— has had to go through life with a false nose.

The sword used for the courtesy duel ("Mensur"), fought for practice and not to avenge insult, is a straight heavy blade (Schläger) about forty inches long, blunt at the end but sharpened on both edges. The men are placed five feet apart with their toes on chalk marks, and the rules of the combat allow no stepping back to avoid a blow—not even a movement of the body or of the head. It is no disgrace to the student to get his face slashed into ribbons; but nervousness, if too marked, results in expulsion from the Corps, a very serious matter for a young man and one that may ruin his whole career. The courtesy duels, "by agreement," are fought with two seconds, one on either side of the combatants, who stand, or rather crouch, sword in hand, ready to throw up the fighters' blades when the umpire calls "time," or when in their opinion there is likely to be serious injury done to one of the duellists.

In duels fought to avenge insult there are no seconds and the men are less wrapped up in leather and silk. In place of the straight Schläger a heavy sabre is used, sometimes with disastrous results, many skulls having been split open with these weapons. In both classes of duel the swords are held above the head and the fighting is done largely from the wrist, the object being to let the blade fall with a slanting blow upon the opponent's head or face; to avoid cutting off the ears, these appendages, as I have already said, are tied back with tape. But the nose often suffers. The heart, sword-arm, wrist and hand are protected by heavy padding. Ninety-nine out of a hundred blows fall upon the padded arm.

Perhaps the worst feature of the duelling system is that it encourages a spirit of pugnacity among the more athletic students, some of whom are always looking for quarrels, until at last fighting becomes a veritable mania with them. If a student is killed in a duel, the murderer is compelled to leave the university, but may enter another; if a man is so unfortunate as to kill a second opponent, he is debarred from all institutions of learning in Germany and is more or less ostracised. At present the German law concerning duelling decrees that the police can do nothing unless they catch the duellists actually fighting, which, of course, is almost impossible, as the duels usually take place in suburban taverns well picketed by "foxes," who give the alarm at the approach of the police. In the last ten years seven students have been killed in duels at German universities. Before that fatal results were more frequent.

It seems hard to believe that not more than one out of twenty Corps students attends any lectures or even pretends to study during his first year at the university, but one has only to live a few months in a German city like Munich to understand the importance which the Germans, old and young, place upon a year's fighting and drinking as the proper preparation to a learned career. Students do pass through the German universities and are graduated with honour who, because of poverty or other reasons, do not join a Corps, and, as a matter of fact, the number of students who are not Corps members shows a steady growth. But the youth of good family joins a Corps as a matter of course, fights his duels, of which there must be at least three before he is entitled to wear the Corps ribbons, and probably rubs wine into the wounds he receives in order to make the scars more lasting.

As might be expected, a great many of the students after a whole year's idleness do not take kindly to study at the

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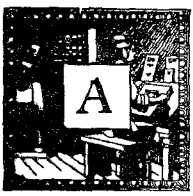
beginning of the second year, and it is often not until the year is well advanced that the typical brawler settles down to serious work. As a rule the Corps does not countenance idleness after the first year at the university. Once a man has done his regulation fighting and drinking his Corps expects something in the way of contributions, the drain upon a student for Corps expenses averaging in Munich fifty marks a month (about twelve dollars) during the university year. And after he leaves the university every student able to afford it is expected to make a yearly contribution as long as he lives of from twenty-five to fifty marks, which money goes towards the decoration of the Corps rooms, Corps suppers and balls, and the payment of debts incurred by Corps students. Every member of a Corps is responsible for its honour; so long as he wears its colours his behaviour must conform to certain rules. There are a number of questionable cafés and halls in Munich which a Corps member does not enter without first obtaining the permission of his Senior or President, and he must not wear his Corps colours in such places. The Corps thus exerts an influence for good upon the manners of young men, and I inquired in vain for instances of intoxication in public or rowdyism among the Corps students of Munich.

Philip G. Hubert, Jr.

THE LITERARY CARPENTER AND SOME RECENT BOOKS



NOVELIST who belongs to the group of younger reputations in New York, and has already proved to his own ample satisfaction that fiction is a sound business proposition, recently explained in an expansive moment the simple rule by which a "best-selling novel" may be put together. "First of all," he said, "I decide in a general way the sort of story I want to write, the period, the setting, the prevailing tone. Then I run over the list of the big English novels, Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Bulwer, and pick out all the volumes that seem to fit in at all with my own idea. I read all these, and make notes of the strong scenes and big characters. Then I sit down with my notes and incorporate the best of these scenes and characters into my plot. If I draw material from recognised masterpieces, and put the best they contain into one book, then my book must be just so much better than any one of the books that I borrow from. Isn't that simple and logical?" The author in question was not joking; he was not aware that there was anything ludicrous, or anything tragic, in his method of work; he was simply self-complacent as to the value of his formula. Aside from his unusual frankness, he fairly represented the large class of writers whose books are not literature, but a sort of verbal carpentry work, the product not of art, but of skilled labour.

Yet there is always somebody ready to come to the defence of the cheap machine-made story and speciously demand what crime there is in using ideas that have already served one or more earlier writers. He will argue that there are only just so many plots in the world, anyway; that the best of our modern stories are only a refurbishing of the old classic tales and legends. He will point out the sources of Shakespeare's plots and of Molière's, and clinch his argument by repeating that hoary defence of plagiarism, that Genius takes its own where it finds it. But he is sure to miss the real point at issue: namely, that it is not so much the method as it is the spirit which is at fault. A Cellini or a Ghirlandajo may take their precious metals whence they will. In presence of their finished handicraft no one will ask the source. But he who has the soul of a

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farrier, though he strip the inner shrine of the temple, can still conceive of no nobler shape than the rude, utilitarian horse-shoe. Posterity may forgive the Byzantine Emperor who pillaged the monuments of the ancient world to adorn a St. Sophia; but only the vandals of the dark ages would have burned the marbles of Phidias to make lime for mortar. And so it is in the making of books. The writer in whom smoulders a spark of the divine fire may take his materials whence he will, it matters not whether the phrase which set him thinking be found in Æschylus or Bunyan or Laura Jean Libby. In the architecture of words as well as of temples the stone rejected by the builders may prove after all to be the cornerstone of a masterpiece.

But our literary carpenter is a man who does not know the significance of the word masterpiece. He has no conception of the meaning of form and symmetry and artistic ideal. He would see no incongruity in erecting a St. Peter's dome upon Gothic arches, supported by Doric columns, and encircled by a close hedge of Turkish minarets. If he fancies himself a realist, he will filch a plank or two from Flaubert and Maupassant and frankly borrow the rest of his building material from Zola. If on the contrary he prefers to ally himself with the romantic school, he will run you up a framework of Dumas, board in with Scott and Harrison Ainsworth, and finish off with lathes and shingles from Victor Hugo or Jules Verne—just rough carpentry work, knocked together with a few hasty blows, its roughness seldom even disguised by a thin coating of local colour. It would seem as though a good, strong breath of criticism ought to blow down the whole flimsy structure. And sometimes in some countries this really does happen—witness the case of Georges Ohnet, after Anatole France gave himself the pleasure of saying what he really thought about the author of *Le Maître de Forges*. But, as a rule, the literary carpenter succeeds in imposing upon the public long enough to accomplish his purpose. And, to do him justice, he succeeds at the same time in imposing upon himself. So long as a host of readers remain blind to the distinction between the book which is literature and the book which is merely merchandise; so long as department stores continue to offer bargains in "best-selling books" alongside of special sales in breakfast foods and laundry soap, just so long the literary carpenter will continue to believe himself a second Thackeray, a latter-day Balzac.

The Colonel of the Red Huzzars

At no other time of year does the carpenter-made novel have so good a chance of success as in midsummer, when the critical faculty dozes and bored humanity demands primarily to be amused. There is many a popular book that would never have enjoyed half its vogue if there were no such thing as long, sultry afternoons and drowsy hammocks. It is at such hours that the cheap imitation of something really good, the feeble replica of a book you have once enjoyed, deludes you with a specious glimmer of talent. It is only when our sounder judgment nods that the pseudo-Dumas novel, the would-be Zenda tale, the imitation Sherlock Holmes detective story find their chance to impose upon our good nature. To take a case in point, *The Colonel of the Red Huzzars*, by John Reed Scott, relieved the tedium of a particularly hot and humid August day, and for this it deserves the courtesy of a grateful word. Yet in every chapter it bears the sign manual of the literary carpenter, although the workmanship is of a superior sort, suggesting the neat joinings of the expert cabinet-maker. Like all the modern stories of imaginary principalities, it traces its pedigree back to Stevenson's *Prince Otto* and Anthony Hope's *Prisoner of Zenda*. And while these prototypes belong to literature, and the modern imitations do not, it may at least be said in favour of Mr. Scott's story that it does not make such violent and wanton assaults upon our credulity as, for instance, are made by Mr. McCutcheon in his eminently successful Graustark stories. Of course these books, as a type, are all a tissue of extravagant romance. Yet even here there are degrees of plausibility. Anthony Hope, with his finer instinct, knew better

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than to mar the illusion of reality he had created by allowing a mere English commoner to masquerade permanently as ruler of the hereditary monarchy of Ruritania. In *Beverly of Graustark* Mr. McCutcheon deliberately lowered the standard of an otherwise creditable achievement by showing us an American girl, born and bred, successfully playing the part of queen of an autocratic little Balkan state—a situation that has no logical place outside the realm of comic opera. In *The Colonel of the Red Huzzars* Mr. Scott neatly avoids any such absurdity by making his hero, Major Dalberg, of the American army, the lineal descendant of the younger branch of the reigning house of Valeria—the fourth generation that has lived in exile in the United States, while unknown to them their rank and titles and rights to the succession have been carefully guarded for them by the secret edicts of the Valerian kings. It is necessary only to add that when Major Dalberg is sent to the Court of Valeria as military attaché, the reigning king has no male descendant, but only a daughter, who promptly recognises her cousinly relation to the hero. And if cousins, why not something nearer and dearer? the author speciously argues. And while the book is not without exaggeration and incongruity, it at least keeps above the level of the *opera bouffe*.

For the Soul of Rafael

There has been no dearth of romances of Old California since the revival of interest, a few years ago, in Helen Hunt Jackson's *Ramona*. Yet there is nothing of the literary carpenter either in the style or the plot of Marah Ellis Ryan's new volume, *For the Soul of Rafael*. The treatment of the material is distinctly fresh and new, and while the conditions depicted are those of an earlier generation, the racial types and the physical aspect of the land are obviously drawn directly from life, with a fidelity begotten by sympathetic understanding. The plot of the story hinges upon the bitter hatred cherished by the Spanish population against the Americano, who after the Mexican War steadily encroached upon their possessions and threatened to sweep away their traditional customs and social standards. There is, in particular, a proud old Señora, Donna Luisa Arteaga, who since the war has lived in exile in Mexico rather than submit to Anglo-Saxon dominion. But at last, realising that death is near, she returns to her estates in order to accomplish the nuptials of her son and the bride she has chosen for him—a convent-bred girl, Raquel Estevan, in whom a hatred for the usurper, the Americano, has been carefully fostered from her birth up. Oddly enough, the only man with whom she has ever come in close contact, aside from the priests, is an American, whom she nursed through a dangerous illness, whom she learned to love, and whom she firmly believes to have died. She does not learn of her mistake until after her marriage to Donna Luisa's son Rafael, nor until she has had time to discover the cowardice, the vileness, the utter worthlessness of the husband for whose soul she has made herself answerable in an oath dictated by his dying mother. How Raquel keeps this oath is the main theme of a picturesque and romantic story, which stands out vividly against the careful and realistic brush-work of the background. The bigotry and ignorance, the hasty passions and lax morality of the old régime in California, are all pictured with the assured touch that comes of intimate knowledge.

The District Attorney

It would be distinctly unjust to stigmatise William Sage's new volume, *The District Attorney*, as a piece of carpenter work. Yet it must be frankly recognised that the first freshness has recently been worn off the material which he uses. Ten years ago if any one spoke of politics or finance in American fiction a few types like Peter Stirling or Silas Lapham would come to mind—and that was all. Since then we have had scores of novels in which the main interest centered in ward politics, in legislative corruption, in big financial gambles and vast schemes of monopoly. Such a plot as *The District Attorney*, which a decade ago would have teemed with originality, has to-day a familiar ring; there is more than one plank in the structure that has

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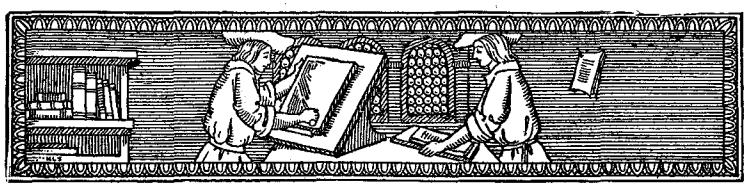
the appearance of having been used before. Nevertheless, taken altogether, the story is not lacking in strength nor in interest. It deals with the career of a man who, like his father before him, holds tenaciously to his ideal, but, unlike his father, does not find that ideal in the acquisition of money. Old Samuel Haverland knows but one golden rule, one guiding principle, that all else in life must be subservient to "business interests." When those "business interests" require that a life-long friend should be crushed and driven from the field, he unscrupulously crushes him, although that old friend's daughter is the affianced wife of his only son. When those same "business interests" require the enactment of a certain bill, he sees to it that the bill is passed, though this can be done only by a wholesale purchase of aldermanic votes. Richard Haverland, the son, is made of the same tough, unyielding fibre; but his bent is in a different direction. He has a wholesome scorn for that mere love of money which, in his father, begets an unscrupulous greed. Breaking all business relations with the older man, and renouncing all claim to his father's millions, young Haverland begins his single-handed, uphill struggle as a lawyer; is elected District Attorney on a reform ticket, and suddenly finds himself under the obligation of prosecuting the very aldermen whom his father had bribed, the agents whom his father used to bribe them—perhaps, for all he knows to the contrary, the evidence will, in the end, bring the guilt home directly to his father's door. But because it is a Haverland trait never to relinquish a grip after once taking it, the District Attorney perseveres. And the history of his perseverance makes a book that not only shows careful workmanship, but is apt to set the reader thinking rather seriously.

Superseded

A little volume, which it seems incongruous to mention in connection with the phrase "carpenter novelist," excepting by way of emphatic contrast, is *Superseded*, by May Sinclair, author of *The Divine Fire*. A publisher's note accompanies the book, explaining that it is an earlier work which Miss Sinclair allows to be reprinted in this country, so that her American friends may have a chance to become acquainted with it. While it is a very slight affair, in comparison with *The Divine Fire*, there is so much simple pathos, so much genuine human nature, in *Superseded* that only a writer of the first rank could have wrought such deft effects of light and shade from such slight material. It is merely the humble tragedy of a timid, colourless, inefficient school-teacher whom fate originally thrust into a niche that she could never adequately fill, and then after she had spent her strength for years in the pitiful struggle to do what is demanded of her, unexpectedly thrusts her out to an old age of helplessness and want. The humble little woman's unspoken romance, the harmless dreams which she weaves around the young physician who befriends her, and who has already given his heart to the younger teacher destined to supersede her, is the most delicate part of a story which eludes analysis, and gives it its chief charm. *Superseded* is one of the books which ought not to be missed. It would be difficult to point out another story in English which portrays with such quiet strength the pathos of inefficient old age, the anguish of discovering that one has outlived one's usefulness. *Frederic Taber Cooper.*



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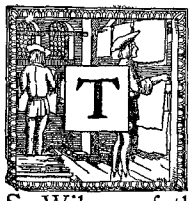
FOUR BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Foibles of the Bench.



THE business side of literature has been described as "a compromise between the greed of the author and the rapacity of the publisher," but Mr. Henry S. Wilcox of the Chicago Bar evidently does not believe in compromise. Indeed he bitterly arraigns what he terms the "compromise judge," who endeavours to induce litigants to settle their differences and prevents what the author calls "legal justice," whatever that may be. This mental attitude is doubtless responsible for the fact that *Foibles of the Bench* has been published to the world through the agency of the Legal Literature Company, which is apparently the author's trade-name, for in his preface he enterprisingly advises the public that copies of his works, completed or projected, may be secured by a postal card directed to him in Chicago. "There are no books," he adds, "that are of a similar character. The writer may not be the best person to undertake the task, but so far he has been the only one disposed to try it. So here goes."

This breezy foreword is a fair example of the author's literary style, and one reluctantly inclines to his suggestion that he is not perhaps thoroughly equipped for the task he has essayed, which is that of instructing the Bench and admonishing the Bar. With a little different treatment, however, the volume which Mr. Wilcox has produced might have been exceedingly entertaining and instructive, not only to members of the legal profession but to the general reader. The writer is evidently familiar with his subject matter and he shows keen powers of observation, but the value of his facts is so seriously marred by his method of presenting them that their effect is practically lost. It would indeed be well if certain judges who now occupy the Bench could be induced to see themselves as others see them, but there is very little hope that they will accept the reflections of a dull mirror as accurately imaging their own imperfections.

Not a few ornaments of the Bench described by Mr. Wilcox savour of the Police Courts, where judicial dignity is not at a premium. "Sit down or I'll retire you from circulation!" he reports one of these worthies as shouting at a lawyer. "A little animated specimen of imbecility who has scratched all the hair off his head trying to hunt an idea, must not insult this court!" "It's a pity that a fellow who has brass enough to get lawsuits hasn't brains enough to try them," is another judicial pleasantry recorded by the author as emanating from "Judge Wasp," and other equally courtly phrases are quoted to illustrate the methods of judges whose "internal organs are all quarrelling with each other."

Such experiences are not unfamiliar to the profession, and there are very few members of the Bar who have not suffered from a "Judge Knowall" in the performance of their duties. Judge Knowall is described as a lawyer who never tried a case before his elevation to the bench and who seems to regret his neglected opportunities. "With a feeling of suppression the plaintiff's attorney puts a witness on the stand and begins to examine him. Judge Knowall stops the attorney and proceeds to examine and cross-examine the frightened witness. The lawyers on both sides sit cowed and silent spectators. When the judge has finished with the plaintiff's witnesses he may instruct the jury to find for the defendant, or he may play the same examination game with the defendant's witnesses."

This is a meddlesome type of jurist easily recognised by every lawyer in active practice, and it is this sort of individual who might receive a useful lesson had the author wielded a less amateurish pen, and possibly Mr. Wilcox may, with greater experience, yet produce a notable volume in his chosen field.

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Certainly the writer who can thus describe a certain type of lawyer possesses great possibilities: "His most valuable services were in surrounding and enmeshing the unwary delinquent debtor. He would ensnare a man in failing circumstances and creep over him as the ivy grows over the mouldering wall, profiting largely by his ruin. This he did so gently and with such an affectation of piety and sweetness of temper that the man who slipped naked out of his clutch felt that the hand of Providence had been his undoing and that Judge Fearful had saved him from a worse fate."

It is excellent work of this character that makes one regret the carelessness and lack of skill that have ruined what might otherwise have been a valuable criticism of the Bench.

Frederick Trevor Hill.

II

F. Hopkinson Smith's "The Tides of Barnegat."

Like *The Awakening of Helena Richie* and *Fenwick's Career,* Mr. Hopkinson Smith's recent story, *The Tides of Barnegat,* involves a question of morals. The ruin done to character by living a lie, the impossibility of stopping the effects of wrong-doing, and the iniquity of trying to shield the unrighteous from the effects of his sin at the expense of the righteous, are all emphasised in the story of Lucy Cobden.

The Tides of Barnegat concerns itself with the fortunes of two orphan sisters, the elder of whom, Jane, has been as a mother to Lucy, her junior by ten years. At the opening of the story Lucy, a brilliant girl of seventeen, has just returned from school to her home in Warehold, near Barnegat Light, where the Cobdens had been leading people since Revolutionary days. With Lucy's advent the quiet old house takes on new life, and among the young people who gather there is Bart Holt, a handsome youth who at once falls in love with the beautiful girl. Before the summer is over they are constant companions, and when autumn comes Lucy joins a friend in Trenton with the avowed intention of studying music. Later in the winter she sends for Martha, her old nurse, who, on her return to Warehold, brings Jane such news that it is soon announced in the village that the sisters are going at once to Europe in order that Lucy may study music abroad. After an absence of two years Miss Jane returns without Lucy, but bringing with her a baby whom she has adopted, and whom she says is the child of a friend. Of course gossip is rife, and suspicion even falls upon Jane, though never upon Lucy, and, with the immoral self-abnegation of which only the best women are capable, Jane accepts the burden she has placed upon her own shoulders, sacrificing for Lucy's sake not only her own happiness but, a more serious affair, that of the man whom she loves and who loves her.

Time passes on. Miss Jane brings up Archie as her adopted son, Lucy marries an elderly Frenchman, and finally, after an absence of seventeen years, returns to Warehold, a widow with one little girl. She has grown older, but she has not changed. She is the same beautiful, joyous, heartless creature as when she deserted her child, and she is loved by her sister with the deep affection that only the worthless seem able to inspire. The consequences of her sin have always been borne by some one else, why should she not go free to the end, pleasing herself and leading men and women captive in her train? It would not be fair to the reader to describe the events which bring about the climax, plunge Lucy into despair and disgrace, and unite Jane and her faithful lover; but in following out the development of Lucy's character to its logical conclusion it is made clear that it would have been better for all if she had been forced to take upon herself the consequences of her own acts—she might have lost her reputation, but she would have saved her soul.

The story is very readable, the descriptions of the life of fifty years ago in the little New Jersey town being full of charm. One incident in the story seems unlikely, the placing of Archie in the life-saving crew. It seems improbable that a woman like Miss Jane, whose

*The Tides of Barnegat. By F. Hopkinson Smith: New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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family had occupied a prominent position in their native town for so long, could find nothing better for her adopted son than a position which offers so little in the way of a career. However, the author has given a most interesting picture of the duties and dangers in the lives of these men, while the description of the storm and rescue shows their courage and skill.

Archie's early life is not much dwelt upon, but the description of the onslaught of the town boys under the leadership of Scootsy Mulligan upon Archie and Tod Fogarty in the Bandits' Cave is almost good enough to be bracketed with that of the immortal snow fight on Slatter's Hill in *The Story of a Bad Boy.*

Among the minor characters that of Max Fielding is very well drawn, the character of "The Born Philanderer," the man whose weakness was "his inability to be happy without the exclusive society of some one woman, ... a discontented wife, perhaps an unmarried woman of thirty-five or forty, with means enough to live where she pleased. . . . All most respectable people, of course, without a breath of scandal attaching to their names—Max was too careful for that—and yet each and every one looking for precisely the type of man that Max represented—one never happy or even contented outside the radius of a waving fan or away from the flutter of a skirt." Seldom has a character whom we all know been better described.

The title does not refer only to the scene of the story. The author says: "These Barnegat tides are the sponges that wipe clean the slate of the beach. Each day a new record is made and each day it is sponged out . . . . With the coming of the autumn all this is changed. The cruel north wind wakes, and with a roar joins hands with the savage easter; the startled surf falls upon the beach like a scourge . . . . Now the forgotten wrecks, like long-buried sins, rise and stand naked with every scar and stain." This is the idea which runs throughout the book, the inevitableness of retribution.

Mary K. Ford.

III

S. H. Preston's "On Common Ground."*

To those anxious investigators who swarm about our universities, searchers after a subject for a thesis and a "Ph.D.," I commend as a subject for research the relations subsisting between poultry and a diary. No one has as yet elucidated the logic of this curious association, though every one knows its existence. Books of first-personal reflection and record are as the sands of the sea; but can you recall more than one or two, at most, that contain no mention of feathered bipeds? As for trying to discover a poultryman who doesn't write, the idea is absurd; if he keeps no diary, he is no true poultryman.

Witness the case to which Mr. Preston directs our attention in a book having the outward appearance of a novel. Ralph Merrivale—"Mr. Merrywell," Mrs. Biggles insists on calling him—deserts the city for the country. Simultaneously he takes to raising chickens and keeping a diary. The one occupation is not more natural, more inevitable, than the other, in spite of the fact that both lead him into difficulties. For the diary ultimately gets him into print, which, an author friend tells me, is an evil with few compensations. The chickens, on the other hand, lead him a merry chase through a hedge into his neighbour's cornfield, and that, though a dire evil, had a notable compensation.

For the neighbour was a woman farmer—no, you have not guessed it yet; it is even more obvious than that. Mrs. Biggles, who was Mr. Merrywell's housekeeper and what is known as "a character," was wont to discourse at times of their neighbour, *Miss* 'Umphrey, and again of Miss *'Umph*rey—a nice distinction, but perfectly comprehensible. Merrivale is mystified. Not so the reader. Merrivale stupidly asks whether *Miss* 'Umphrey has a younger sister. The reader knows pefectly that it can be nothing less charming and romantic than a visiting niece. It takes Merrivale some

*On Common Ground. By Sydney H. Preston. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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fifty pages of diary to discover, what the reader has learned in one, that *Miss* 'Umphrey is a plump, fair farmer of forty or thereabouts, while Miss *'Umph*rey is the beautiful, slender, brown-eyed niece whom Merrivale encounters one morning on his way to the village, who witnesses his clumsy and disastrous efforts to reclaim his chickens from his neighbour's cornfield, who becomes in short the author of all his evil and the compensation therefor.

And at this point another curious relation develops. Merrivale, with Mrs. Biggles for his Greek Chorus, of course conceives a deep passion for his brown-eyed neighbour, which grows coincidently with a passion for split infinitives. Here again is a conjunction often noted, the roots of which are deeply hidden. We are fairly reconciled to the passion of a hero in fiction for a brown-eyed young lady, but the worship of those immodest acrobatic infinitives is still, in spite of Professor Lounsbury's valiant press-agency in their behalf, a distasteful cult. They may perhaps be considered more or less appropriate to a book of rural associations, as smacking of the soil. Nevertheless, it is pardonable to regret that Merrivale did not make love in more orderly linguistic fashion, restraining his disposition to excitedly implore or to silently worship his divinity.

It may, however, already be suspected that the aim—the *tendenz*—of this book is not painfully scholastic or even literary. That fact does not prevent its being in its way unusual. The entire story is a masterpiece of the obvious; from the first page to the last it is the expected that always happens. Given Mr. Merrywell and the lovely Miss *'Umph*rey; sentimental Mrs. Biggles and the errant husband whom she still loves; stolid Joseph, the hired man, and pretty Jenny on the adjacent farm; Teeterley, the flutist, and the intellectual Almiry Biggles—given all these conveniently arranged couples, and the least imaginative can foresee the happy joining of hands at the fall of the curtain. But, of course, in such a story the story is the last thing to be considered. The manner is everything in these pseudo-philosophical, gently sentimental romances—the little reflective side-lights, the ingenious surmises, the quaint speculations, the odd touches of character, the Stocktonian humour—there! it is out. The comparison with Stockton is inevitable, but it is not altogether easy to justify. Mr. Preston's humour is neither very insistent nor very subtle. It is constituted with a minimum of wit and a maximum of conceits. There are some amusing bits of character, though the whole scheme of this diary and the people of whom it treats is far from the reality of life. As for the reflective element, it gives no reason for proclaiming the arrival of a new Thackeray or Meredith.

In short, *On Common Ground* is a very ordinary sort of book, and high-browed intellectuals have no right to find the slightest enjoyment in reading it. There is therefore a lurking sense of shame in the necessity I feel for confessing to a genuine enjoyment in its perusal. Any one with literary ideals can see that it is not at all like a masterpiece. But then there are some of us who read for entertainment all the time, and all of us read for entertainment some of the time; and so it is perhaps well to have at hand a book that can be frankly enjoyed, without the necessity for justifying our taste on the loftiest æsthetic grounds.

Edward Clark Marsh.

IV

Margaret Deland's "The Awakening of Helena Richie."*

If in *The Awakening of Helena Richie* Mrs. Deland reveals her main passion as a story-writer, which is undoubtedly that of the moralist, this is not to class her with what is wearily known as the didactic author; her interest in human nature for his own sake is too keen for that, as is her born gift as a humourist and a story-teller. Neither does the effect of moral simplicity that the story leaves upon the reader imply some lack of psychological depth. One can but acknowledge that here is as serious a moral study as Robert Herrick or Edith Wharton might write, to quote our two con-

*The Awakening of Helena Richie. By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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temporary American novelists who seem to have most deeply the psychological gifts of the moralist. To be sure this moral simplicity is the result of Mrs. Deland's idealism, and it is an idealism which to our contemporary habits of thought seems at times a little old-fashioned, like a breath from provincial Chester itself! But as the story proceeds in its plain naturalness, in the irresistible logic of its events, in the subtlety and realism of its motives, one perceives that this idealism is not only the light by which the author sees life; it is no less the philosophy which she has reached from her own direct and very penetrating observation of life. The story itself creates the moral. Only in the closing scenes, perhaps, does Dr. Lavendar—that very human old saint who acts as chorus to the drama—usurp the parts that the reader wishes were left a little more to the actors themselves. And yet on second reading one might take back even that charge of didacticism, because for an unformed and docile woman like Helena the priest often does lead the way.

The story runs thus: A woman of the unreflecting type, sweet and pleasure-loving, is led when yet a girl to a thoughtless marriage with a man who turns out to be a brute and a drunkard, and who causes the death of their child in a drunken passion. Absolved thus, as she feels, from all obligation to him, she accepts Lloyd Pryor's love and his philosophy of the "cowardly conventions of society" and lives with him.

The action opens in Old Chester, where ten years later Helena Richie, still disappointed of her husband's death, has come to lead a life of retirement and to receive occasional visits from her "brother," who is not introduced to Old Chester society. In spite of her retiring ways, however, Mrs. Richie is discovered by the big, boyish-hearted Dr. Willy King, who recommends her to Dr. Lavendar as a charming woman and a proper guardian for the little orphan David, who is left in Dr. Lavendar's charge. It is so that David, one of the most genuine and irresistible youngsters of fiction, begins to play his part in the story, an innocent and embarrassing questioner of all things natural and moral. From the first we are made to feel the embarrassment of Helena's situation. The very innocence and kindliness of the village community are a reproach to her, and moreover Lloyd's passion has begun to cool. All the fine irony of life is here as the woman begins to discover that her very yielding to the man's demands has cost her the thing that alone could have held him. Indeed the scenes between Pryor and Helena are done with a telling realism—Lloyd's growing disgust for a situation that offends his taste, the discovery of which might cost him his young daughter's faith; his growing weariness of the woman who simply makes demands of sentiment upon him; and, on the other hand, the more unconscious selfishness of the woman who can master neither the man nor herself, because she sees in life only her own need of affection. But the tragedy spreads beyond the lives of these two. When the young Sam Wright, idealistic, lonely, erratic youth, falls in love with Helena, the interest of his worldly-wise old grandfather in the woman is quickened. It is the old man's anxiety for the boy that leads him to discover the truth about Helena and Pryor, and his disclosure to the boy that shocks the young lover into suicide. It is now that the long unacknowledged sense of guilt in the woman's heart confronts her, and for the first time, with the sense of shame, her sense of responsibility is born. How that sense of responsibility is finally brought home to her in her love for the small David is the issue of the story. Mrs. Deland is evidently one who believes that conviction of sin is the first necessity to salvation; and when Helena finally confesses to Dr. Lavendar, at his instigation, that she is unworthy to have the child, it is perhaps not the man's argument that convinces her, after all, so much as a hundred memories of the child when his innocence has pressed against her unacknowledged sense of guilt. As to the effect of moral simplicity which we get from the story, it lies, we think, in a certain absoluteness of idealism. It is the fashion of our modern psychology, with its deep sense of the necessity of temperament, to understand and to pity

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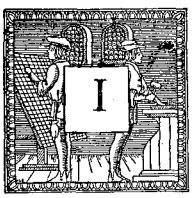
its erring heroes and heroines. Mrs. Deland does more than this, she judges her heroine and asks us to judge her. But one feels that her reason for the judgment is her deep-rooted faith in the power of moral self-recovery.

In concerning ourselves with its tragedy alone, however, we entirely fail to convey the atmosphere of the book. Mrs. Deland has that large and genial power, far more unusual in a woman than in a man, where the underlying intensity of purpose never interferes with the humourist and lover of life. The personal tragedy takes place in a world that is larger than itself—a world of sane and cheerful activities. Mrs. Deland's humour is one of the qualities of her sincerity, and perhaps we should say also of her tenderness. How easy, for instance, it would have been to make the small David into a little Lord Fauntleroy or a Paul Dombey. Instead, here is David. Dr. Lavendar has been flattered by the child's rapt attention to the story he has been telling. "Well, well; you are a great boy for stories, aren't you?" says he. "You've talked seven minutes," replies David, thoughtfully, "and you've not moved your upper jaw once." David is irresistible! In fact, in this richly peopled book there is hardly a character that is not as fine a creation of comedy as he is significant in the tragic purpose of the story. Benjamin Wright, the humourous autocratic old eccentric, with his worldly-wise childishness and the ill-concealed romanticism of his heart, is a unique and absolutely convincing creation. Indeed, in this last story we feel that Mrs. Deland has, as never before, proved herself the creator, and not merely the finely-equipped and enjoyable story-teller. *Edith Baker Brown.*

GREAT MUSICAL FAILURES



IF the composers or authors of ill-starred ventures among theatrical productions are properly versed in the history of the stage, they can derive considerable comfort from the fact that acknowledged masterpieces often commenced their career as fiascos. To take the operatic branch of the art alone, the number of great works that were originally failures is positively startling. The list includes not only those which were beyond immediate critical comprehension, but also many which later appealed most strongly to popular taste. With this precedent before him the unsuccessful composer might well expect that his work, too, will meet its just deserts.

How inconclusive the verdict of a first-night audience may be is well illustrated in the story of the *premiere* of Rossini's *Barber of Seville.* The chain of accidents accompanying the production was quite comical, although it is safe to assume that Rossini and his impressario failed at the time to see the humour of it. Rossini had, in his choice of subject, (adapted from the French of Beaumarchais) antagonised a large part of the Roman public. Paisiello, one of the older composers, had used the same story with great success; and with his opera still on the boards, Rossini's action in placing himself in competition was characterised as impertinent and audacious. It mattered nothing that he had first asked and obtained Paisiello's consent to the use of the story and that the opera was not called *Barber of Seville,* but *Almaviva, ossia l'inutile precauzione.* The whirligig of time brought its revenge; for Paisiello's opera paled quickly before the brilliancy of the new work and is saved from oblivion only by its connection with Rossini.

But there was no hint of future ascendency visible to the audience assembled at the Argentina Theatre on that carnival night in February, 1816. The spirit of the Roman carnival was certainly evident, but the warmth of the reception scarcely propitious. The hum of jesting conversation was not interrupted by the overture, which it effectu-

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ally drowned. When the curtain rose, Garcia, who took the part of Almaviva, began to tune his guitar on the stage and broke a string. Laughter and hisses were heard from all parts of the house; and when Figaro appeared with another guitar, such a loud laugh was set up that not a phrase of "Largo al fattotum" was heard. A small trap had been left open, and Don Basilio on entering fell and bruised his face. He began his air handkerchief to nose. When Madam Giorgi-Righetti made her appearance in the balcony, her personal popularity drew a round of applause; but this was succeeded by murmurs of disapprobation when the audience discovered that the expected cavatina was not forthcoming. At the beginning of the first finale a cat appeared on the scene, and Figaro and Bartolo devoted their energies to chasing it off. When the curtain fell, Rossini, who was at the orchestral piano, turned toward the audience, shrugged his shoulders and began to applaud. This openly expressed contempt of their opinion scarcely helped to appease the hostility. In the second act the hubbub was so great that not a note passed the orchestra. Seeing how matters were Rossini calmly went home—to sleep—where he was later found by the artists who had come to console him. At the second performance the audience were more inclined to listen, and applauded some of the songs; and with each succeeding representation their enthusiasm grew. It was not long before the opera, its name changed to *Il Barbiere di Siviglia,* became the most popular work on the Italian stage. It is interesting to note that Donizetti, when told that Rossini wrote the *Barber* in thirteen days, said: "Very possible; *he is so lazy.*"

The story of the first French performance of *Tannhäuser* is similar to that of Rossini's work. Even royal patronage did not protect it against a hostile audience. According to Præger, the Emperor Napoleon III, conversing with the Princess Metternich about a reigning musical favourite of whom she had expressed disapproval, asked, "But where is better music to be gotten, then?"

"Why, your Majesty, you have at the present moment the greatest composer that ever lived in your capital."

"Who is he," asked the Emperor.

"Richard Wagner," she responded.

"Then why do they not give his operas?"

"Because he is in earnest and would require all kinds of concessions and much money."

"Very well; he shall have *carte blanche;*" and the Emperor ordered that *Tannhäuser* should be mounted at the Grand Opera. Wagner, always optimistic, set to work energetically to prepare for what promised to be a brilliant entrance into the musical world of Paris. But there were many forces at work to counteract the auspicious beginning. Three concerts, containing excerpts from his work, which he undertook to give, were financially disastrous; and the critics, Berlioz among them, attacked his music severely. This naturally predisposed the public against him, and when, thinking to clear the atmosphere, Wagner published an essay explaining his theories of music in a manner which served only to confuse those who read it, the prejudice was deepened. Finally, the very important question of a ballet, without which no work was ever put on at the Paris Opéra, was raised. Heedless of the effect which his temerity might have, Wagner peremptorily refused to introduce any ballet in the second act, where it would interfere with the dramatic integrity of the scene. His concession to rearrange the first scene by adding ballet music in the revels of the Venusberg did not mend matters. For the gentlemen of the Jockey Club, among the most important subscribers to the Opéra, who were in the habit of arriving after their dinners, in time for the ballet, were not considered in this arrangement at all. Their pride was touched and their enmity aroused. They determined to show this presumptuous foreigner that the sacred traditions of the Opéra were not to be thus lightly set aside. They attended the performance in a body. After the first act they supplied themselves with whistles, and as soon as the second act began they set up such a din that almost the entire performance was unheard. Even the thrilling narrative of *Tann-*

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häuser's pilgrimage failed to restrain them, and the comparative quiet of the music served only to emphasise the noise and confusion against which the artists struggled hopelessly on. Wagner's friends applauded, and the Emperor attempted several times to lead a favourable demonstration; but the result, as a whole, was lamentable. The second presentation fared little better, although Wagner had been induced to cut out some portions of what was thought the heaviest music. The third performance was given on a Sunday, when the regular subscribers were absent; and then the audience showed itself plainly interested. But Wagner now refused to allow the opera to be given again; and burdened with debts and a heavy heart, he left for Germany.

It was not only the works of aliens that suffered in Paris. The masterpieces of the two greatest French composers failed at first. *Faust,* produced in Paris in March, 1859, was received with the faint praise that damns. The critics were divided as to its qualities. The *Figaro* thought the third act lengthy and monotonous, but approved the second and fourth, thus excluding from favour the garden scene with its "Flower Song," "Jewel Song," and all the love music. *L'Illustration,* on the other hand, thought the third act the finest. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* proclaimed the "Soldiers' March" a masterpiece, but was not much impressed with the rest of the opera. Berlioz wrote that Marguerite's monologue at her window, closing the third act, was the most remarkable portion of the score. None of them seemed to feel the intense beauty of the final trio. Probably they had not remained for that.

Mapleson produced *Faust* in London in 1864 and sold only £30 worth of seats for the first night. In his memoirs he describes how he aroused public interest in the work. He distributed the balance of the tickets for the first three nights and then advertised that "in consequence of a death in the family two stalls for the first representation of *Faust,* the opera that has excited so much interest that all places for the first three representations have been bought up, can be had at twenty-five shillings each." The *ruse* was successful, or else English humour responded to the sarcasm, and the opera house was thronged. Gounod is said to have received but £40 for the English rights of his work. It has made a fortune for its publishers.

The Parisians apparently learned no lesson from their experience with *Faust*; for sixteen years later they pronounced the same verdict on *Carmen.* The first production was a frank failure. Both the press and the public united in charging the opera with immorality, a quality of which they certainly were judges. The *chic* indecency of Offenbach, Hervé, and others of the opera bouffe school, then flourishing, did not make the Frenchman blush. But *Carmen*——! When the rest of the world accepted the work, Paris began to think it could not be so bad after all, and revived it; but that was eight years later. Meanwhile Bizet had died, carrying with him to the grave a cruel uncertainty as to the fate of the work destined to make him immortal. The critics who then pronounced the score too laboured and ambitious later wrote of his great spontaneity. And so the world moves merrily on, to-day condemning, to-morrow lauding.

It is strange to think that the only operatic work of Beethoven, the greatest of all composers, should have been a complete failure. It was the irony of fate which denied to the composer, who so developed the expressive and dramatic powers of music, success in that branch of the art where lesser men triumphed. Written in the maturity of his powers and awaited with eager and expectant curiousity by a large public, *Fidelio* fell flat on his first presentation in Vienna in November, 1805. After three performances it was withdrawn, the libretto materially altered, and some of the musical numbers sacrificed. In its new form it was given a second trial, but failed again. A number of elements conspired against the success of the work, the libretto probably the most potent. Beethoven himself believed in the opera and wrote for it four overtures, one after the other, until he was satisfied that he had found the appropriate introduction. The same strange fate which decreed failure for the opera itself gave double measure

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of success to the four overtures, every one of which is a masterpiece and has achieved popularity. That known as "Leonore Overture No. 3" is regarded as the Fifth Symphony among overtures. But *Fidelio*, although revised again and revived some nine years later with mild favour, remains one of the few operatic masterpieces which time has not reclaimed.

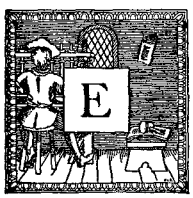
Perhaps the most striking example of a great musical failure is *Pinafore*. Yes, difficult as it is to believe it, this sparkling little piece commenced its career, as did so many other master-works, with unsuccess. Gilbert and Sullivan had collaborated in *Trial by Jury* and *The Sorcerer* before *Pinafore*, and their work had been received with great favour. Everything seemed to point to equal good fortune for their latest effort. The first night every one was enthusiastic; but it was evident that a friendly bias influenced the general attitude. For the business done at the theatre soon became so unremunerative that the management decided to withdraw the work. Sullivan was at that time conducting a series of popular concerts; and one night he placed on the programme an arrangement of the *Pinafore* music. It created quite a sensation; and from applauding that the people began to go to hear the opera itself. The box-office receipts swelled, and *H. M. S. Pinafore* was allowed to continue her course. Soon she crossed the ocean and created a perfect furore in the United States. One paper published this statement: "At present there are forty-two companies playing *Pinafore* about the country. Companies formed after six p.m. yesterday are not included." Another story relates to the popularity of the catch-phrase, "What, never?" One editor forbade its use by his staff on pain of dismissal. "It has occurred twenty times in as many articles in yesterday's edition," he sorrowfully said to them. "Never let me see it used again." "What, never?" was the unanimous question. "Well, hardly ever," he reluctantly replied.

Ever since, the managers have been looking for another *Pinafore*. Perhaps if it is found, it too will fail at first, or perhaps the managers will fail to recognise it when presented. For there is nothing to show that either managers or public have developed the prophetic vision.

Lewis M. Isaacs.

NOTES FOR A HISTORY OF BOOK PUFFERY

The great art in writing advertisements is the finding out a proper method to catch the reader's eye; without a good thing may pass over unobserved, or be lost among commissions of bankrupt.—Tatler No. 224.



EACH successive age chides its authors and publishers with a mercenary forwardness in marketing their wares. Each seems sincerely to believe that never until its own degenerate times has literature sunk to such deeps of commercialism. Each points, with one hand, to that period not too remotely in the past when the shadow of a dollar had never fallen upon tome, and with the other to an assured night in the immediate future when literature, authorship and publishing will all have gone to the dogs. A harmless enough illusion, this. What would criticism have done without it? But as a matter of exact truth, there does not appear to have been any age at all in the past when the world of books was free from devices of exploitation. In all the history of advertising—that so-called modern thing—there is no branch more ancient than the art of puffing a book or an author, nor any that turns up as many illustrious names. The only saving virtue the great-great-granddaddies of literature reveal on examination of the

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facts is that in all ages there has been, side by side with book puffery, a healthy opposition to it.

The very first bit of printed matter that approaches an advertisement in character was a book advertisement. It appears in an early German newsbook of 1591, a work containing news for the years of 1588 and 1589. An unknown plant had been found in Holland, a certain Dr. Laster had written a pamphlet about it, that pamphlet was for sale, so ergo! what more natural than to press the young craft of printing into selling it?

The first printed advertisement in England came from the press of Caxton, and was a book advertisement announcing the completion of a work called "The Pyer of Salisbury."

The first advertisement for which insertion appears to have been paid is, again, a book advertisement in the *Mercurius Politicus,* London, January, 1652, exploiting a poem on Cromwell's victories in Ireland:

IRENODIA GRATULATORIA, an Heroick Poem; being a congratulatory panegyrick for my Lord General's late return, summing up his successes in an exquisite manner.

To be sold by John Holden, in the New Exchange, London. Printed by Tho. Newcourt, 1652.

For many years after the invention of printing it was the custom of publishers to insert in their books puffs of others, and until the advent of newspapers this was the only form of printed advertisement. One of the best advertisements for publishers, quietly efficient, is their imprint on title pages. This first appeared when books were printed.

The first poster was a book poster. In 1836 a French artist of some note, Lalance, made a poster to advertise a book entitled "Comme Meurent les Femmes," from which time posters were long associated with book advertising alone. They were excellent posters, too, for the artist often had a direct interest in the sales of books he puffed on the walls of Paris. The facile Gavarni, illustrator of Balzac and Sue, was a productive book poster designer. Chéret began his career with book posters in 1866.

These, however, are mere modern instances. In the third century B.C. we find Demosthenes publishing and puffing his own speeches for both political and financial returns. After delivery he had copies written, placing them with his friends for distribution. He was one of the "best sellers" of Athens. A hundred years before that Hermodorus of Syracuse, a pupil of Plato, acted as publisher and puffer for Plato himself. Book selling was carried on in the orchestra of the theatre, and from a comedy of the period it is shown that Plato's publisher had spoken from the stage lines to the effect that "Hermodorus makes a trade of the sale of lectures."

Authors advertised by means of complimentary copies in Cicero's day—a device still in wide use among publishers. Cicero had so able a publisher that he gave him exclusive control of his writings—from which it is fair to assume that he was a good advertiser. Martial not only sought rich patrons sedulously, but also put into his books direct puffs, with prices and his publisher's address:

This is he whom you read and whom you seek—Martial, famous throughout the world for his brilliant volumes of epigrams. Lest, however, you should perchance not know where I am for sale, and should go astray and wander over the whole city, you shall be made sure of your way by my directions. Look for Secundus, the freedman of the learned citizen Lucensis, behind the threshold of Pax and the forum of Pallas.

Secundus took pride in his small, compact editions, advertising them as suitable for journeys, the *Everyman's Library* of his period. The loud bassoon is a note proper to literature in all ages. Nothing may be more easily demonstrated. But while many authors of parts may be discovered bringing their productions before the public in ingenious ways, there are very few instances in which puffery has foisted a book into lasting reputation. Whatever the notoriety obtained, it has been the fleeting "best seller" that benefited by exploitation, while the permanent works have usually been their own best advertisement. Sometimes there was a simple announcement, and the public carried off *Robinson Crusoe* or *Pickwick Papers* by thousands of copies. The binder prepared four hundred copies of the first part of *Pickwick,* but of Part

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XV more than forty thousand were sold. Again, an *Omar* has been shovelled into the penny box at a bookseller's door to advertise itself over a term of years through that best of all publicity mediums, the "pleased purchaser."

Yet there are exceptions.

The first American book of wide fame was undoubtedly *Poor Richard's Almanac*. No abler advertiser than Franklin can be found in bookish history. His circulation methods with the *Pennsylvania Gazette* are still modern. He not only bribed postriders to carry the paper, but knew that contributors of small pieces always bought copies for friends, and that a newspaper could never print too many names. When the first edition of his almanac was prepared in October, 1732, he adapted a device of Dean Swift's to bring it into notice. The Dean had only a malicious motive in announcing the supposed death of Partridge. Franklin thriftily turned this device to the sale of copies. Titan Leeds, a publisher of an established almanac with which the new Poor Richard must compete, was foredoomed to die before the year 1733 was out, Franklin stated in his preface. Titan Leeds had read his own doom in the stars, and set the day of his own death, October 17, at the ☌ of ☉ and ♁. Necessarily he would publish no ⁺more almanacs, so *Poor Richard* was designed to replace his invaluable work. Leeds rose to the bait with a denial, and for several years a controversy raged back and forth in the prefaces, Leeds insisting that he was alive and still doing business at the old stand, Franklin mourning him as one gathered to the fathers. The first impression of Franklin's almanac was sold out in a month, and by the end of 1733 it had reached a third edition. Year after year an impression of ten thousand copies was sold, or one for each hundred inhabitants of the colonies.

Another American book for which the author cleverly prepared his public was the *Knickerbocker's History of New York*. In the newspapers was inserted a notice, advertising for the owner of some manuscript left at the inn of one Seth Handaside, the same belonging to a strange lodger, named Diedrich Knickerbocker, who had disappeared. Later it was advertised that, as the owner had not responded, this manuscript would be published to pay said Diedrich Knickerbocker's tot, and with the appearance of Irving's history it sprang at once into favour. This is an early instance of the use of a device that is now a staple of book puffery. A hurrah of speculation as to a mysterious, anonymous author seems to have for the public as certain an attraction as the woolly horse. Scott profited by it. What would be our interest in "Junius" to-day if his identity were established? "Who wrote Job?" may be not one of the oldest scholastic problems alone, but perhaps the earliest instance of this mode of puffing. The device won for that exceedingly interesting collection of spurious memoirs, *An Englishman in Paris*, wide circulation in the eighties, rumor hinting that eminent diplomats had tattled in this book, which was really made up from newspaper clippings by a London hack, born long after the events he chronicled.

Defoe failed in business, but the advertising ability he carried into writing and publishing made him a genius at puffery. His pamphlets were always on topics of current interest. In each he referred to previous ones, and when a pamphlet failed to sell he wrote another calling attention to it. Political writing landed him in prison. But he started a newspaper inside the walls and soon made himself so conspicuous that he was liberated. His *Shortest Way With Dissenters* got him into the pillory, but he had another pamphlet to sell to the crowds who came to witness his punishment, and in three days turned ignominy into a triumph. *Robinson Crusoe* seems to have been strangely neglected by Defoe, and was heralded by meagre advertisements. But in its year of publication it attained popularity sufficient to be reprinted as a serial in a weekly newspaper. The author was growing old. Three years later, though, he brought out his account of the life of Jack Shepard while that criminal was being tried, and arranged for a reference to it from the scaffold.

The gallows, as a centre of great popular interest, seems to have been a staple source of publicity for publishers during the eighteenth century. Fielding told an

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anecdote of Richard Savage, whose books had long lain dormant in his publisher's warehouse. Suddenly Savage had the good grace to kill a man and be sentenced to hanging. His publisher took the hint and advertised the neglected works next day, selling off the whole accumulation. "Encouraged by this success, the merchant, not doubting the execution of his author, bade very high for his dying speech, which was accordingly penned and delivered. Savage, however, was contrary to all expectation pardoned, and would have returned the money; but the merchant insisted on his bargain, and published the dying speech which Mr. Savage should have made at Tyburn, of which it is probable as many were sold as there were people in town who could read." Dr. Johnson denounced an author who "wrote voluminous books, and three other books commending those books, in which there was something of rascality."

Curiosity in authors' personalities has been another stable medium for advertising books. Balzac's cane, which made all Paris chatter; those gold buttons on his new coat, "chiselled by the hand of a fairy for the man who carries a cane worthy of Louis XIV;" his "divine opera-glass made by the optician at the Observatory"—who shall say how many copies these sold? His stew of quarrels with editors, his lawsuit, he frankly regarded as valuable advertising. A dispute as to the intelligibility of *Sèraphita* caused the first edition to be sold in ten days. "I have observed," begins the Spectator, "that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of a like nature that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author." When Eugene Sue's *Wandering Jew* was running in the *Constitutionnel*, accompanied by such puffing and advertising as made even Paris sit up; when the copies of each instalment were rented out at ten sous a half hour, the author, overdressed, with spurs to his boots, posed at the Café de Paris in deep abstraction. At intervals an instalment was missing from the paper; the author was presumed to be too sick to work, and an editorial bulletin reported the state of his health. *Madame Bovary* rose to a large sale when Flaubert was summoned to answer a charge of outraging morality and religion in his novel; but this shrinking stylist felt that such advertising was disgraceful, causing his book to be misunderstood, and tried to suppress it, buying up all the copies. When Père Dumas lived at Saint-Germain, it is said, the railroad receipts between that place and Paris increased twenty thousand francs per annum, falling immediately when he left. What must have been the effect of such a personality upon an output that filled the bookshops, the theatres, the journals, and which there was no escaping? In the quarrels that grew out of Pope's satires, too, there was genuine advertising value.

But it were vain to imagine that puffery through personality accomplishes sales without that fine knack of turning the general attention into profitable channels that marks a true publicist. Is it probable that Goldsmith's bloom-coloured coat ever sold a book? Probably it fulfilled not even the hopes of its simple maker. ["Well, let me tell you (said Goldsmith), when my taylor brought home my bloom-coloured coat, he said, 'Sir, I have a favour to beg of you. When any body asks you who made your clothes, be pleased to mention John Filby, at the Harrow, in Water-lane.'" Dr. Johnson—"Why, sir, that was because he knew the strange colour would attract crowds to gaze at it, and thus they might hear of him, and see how well he could make a coat even of so absurd a colour."]

In the time of Shakespeare newspapers had not become a medium of advertising, but booksellers employed the printing-press to issue placards and circulars. Ben Johnson enjoins his publisher to rather sell his works for old paper than force them through such advertising:

Nor have my little leaf on posts or walls,
Nor in cleft sticks advancèd to make calls
For termers or some clerk-like serving-man.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century newspapers began to grow in circulation and advertisements, and one of the remarkable things with regard to the latter was the extent to which notices of pills, plasters, etc., presently began to

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compete with the book puffs. Pope was the first English writer who succeeded without the patron, realizing comfort through sale of his writings. As the public became the chief support of authors, book puffery grew in volume and ingenuity.

Balzac did not fail to give attention to this subject. In *A Great Man of the Provinces in Paris* he records interesting facts about publishers:

From 1816 to 1827 publishers had no other means of announcing their publications than by articles inserted in the *feuilletons* or other parts of the daily papers. Up to 1826 French newspapers were printed on such very small sheets that the great journals were hardly larger than what are called the "little journals" now. In 1821, therefore, newspapers had really a power of life or death over the conceptions of thought and the enterprises of publishers. An article inserted among the "Paris Items," announcing a new book, was horribly expensive. Intrigues were so complicated in the newspaper offices, and at night on the battlefield of the pressrooms when the clicker decided the admission or rejection of such or such an article, that the powerful publishers kept a literary man in their pay to write the little items they needed, in which it was essential to put many ideas into few words. These obscure journalists (who were not paid unless the items were inserted) were often obliged to remain all night in the pressroom to make sure of the insertion of either some fine article (obtained heaven knows how!) or those little items contained in a few lines, which were called in after years "réclames." In the present day all the habits and ways of literature and of publishing houses are so much changed that many persons will regard as fabulous this statement of the immense efforts, solicitations, meannesses and intrigues which the necessity of obtaining these "réclames" forced on publishers, authors and other seekers after fame. Dinners, cajoleries, gifts were all employed in the seduction of journalists.

Here is an anecdote which will show the power of these articles: A book by Monsieur de Chateaubriand, on the last of the Stuarts, was perched on a publisher's shelves in the condition of a "nightingale" (a book that refuses to sell). A single article written by a young man in the *Journal des Débats* sold the whole edition in a week!

To resist the tyranny and exactions of journalists, publishers invented a system of posters with which to catch the attention of all Paris, and on which were displayed, in fantastic types and colouring, vignettes and even lithographs, which made the poster a poem to the eye and often a deception to the purse of the amateur. This method of advertising, confined at first to shop windows, and the booths along the boulevards, though it afterwards spread elsewhere, was partly abandoned after the introduction of (paid) advertisements. The advertisement, within the reach of moderate finances, which has now (1840) converted the fourth page of all newspapers into a fertile field for speculators, was born of the severity of the stamp-duty, the postoffice and the bonds for newspaper licenses. Nevertheless, the old poster will always continue to exist, especially since they have found a way to plaster the walls with them.

This same novel of Balzac's (*A Great Man of the Provinces in Paris*) turns almost entirely upon the intrigues of journalists and authors for both honourable fame and the notoriety that made sales. The intrigue of politics was no more bitter, and the book is doubtless true in the main because based on Balzac's own experiences.

About this same period Macaulay was cursing a similar system of book puffery in England:

The puffing of books is now so shamefully and so successfully practised (he wrote, reviewing Montgomery's poems) that it is the duty of all who are anxious for the purity of literature to join in discountenancing it. All the pens that were ever employed in magnifying Bish's lucky office, Romanis's fleecy hosiery, Packwood's razor strops and Rowland's Kalydor—all the placard-bearers of Dr. Eady —all the wall-chalkers of Day & Martin—seem to have taken service with the poets and novelists of this generation. A mercer of the higher class would be ashamed to hang up papers in his window, inviting the passers-by to look at the stock of a bankrupt. We expect some reserve, some decent pride, in our hatter and our bootmaker. But no artifice by which notoriety can be obtained is thought too abject for a man of letters.

The publishers of that day had learned the value of conducting a magazine in connection with book production—a de-

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vice infinitely better than French publishers' posters, and one that has continued till now, in this country, at least, for no large American publishing house is at present without its periodical through which to make announcements. Macaulay saw no decency in the practice, however:

> The publisher is often the publisher of some periodical work. In this periodical work the first flourish of trumpets is sounded. The peal is then echoed and reëchoed by all the other periodical works over which the publisher, or the author, or the author's coterie may have any influence. The newspapers are for a fortnight filled with puffs. Sometimes the praise is laid on thick for simple-minded people. "Pathetic," "sublime," "splendid," "graceful, brilliant wit," "exquisite humour" and other phrases equally flattering fall in a shower as thick and as sweet as the sugar-plums at a Roman carnival. Sometimes greater art is used. A sinecure has been offered to the writer if he would suppress his work, or if he would even soften down a few of his incomparable portraits. A distinguished military and political character has challenged the inimitable satirist of the vices of the great, and the parties have been bound over to keep the peace. These are but tame and feeble imitations of the paragraphs with which the daily papers are filled whenever an attorney's clerk or an apothecary's assistant undertakes to tell the public, in bad English and worse French, how people tie their neckcloths and eat their dinners in Grosvenor Square. The editors of the higher and more respectable newspapers usually prefix the words "Advertisement" or "From a correspondent" to such paragraphs. But this makes little difference. The panegyric is extracted and the significant heading omitted. The fulsome eulogy makes its appearance on the covers of all the reviews and magazines, with "Times" or "Globe" affixed.

For another picture of publishing conditions in England during the forties of last century turn to those chapters of *Pendennis* where Pen begins his literary career, and his novel is praised in an outrageous manner in the new gazette established by Bungay, his publisher, to rival Bacon, another publisher; and his own praise of a book issued by one of Bacon's authors deftly turned into a denunciation. The resemblance of these chapters to Balzac's *Great Man,* and the likeness of *Lucien* to *Pendennis* lead to an inference that such conditions were not peculiar to Paris and London of 1840, but are typical of writing and publishing.

The "testimonial" has long been a ready tool of book puffery. It sometimes takes the form of which Macaulay complained, and again is worn to its last shred of silliness by the use of bits from newspaper reviews of a book—"Finest style since Thackeray," "Greater than *Vanity Fair,*" and so forth. Boswell put part of Dr. Johnson's letter in the advertisement to his "Account of Corsica," and the wrath of his "illustrious friend" could not mar the value, in his eyes, of thus attesting a connection with the sage. But the truly famous piece of puffery in this kind will always be that instance where Whitman blazoned on the cover of his second edition of *Leaves of Grass* a sentence from Emerson's letter: "I greet you at the beginning of a great career." Emerson was mortified, yet never altered his judgment of the man with whom he had laboured on Boston Common, pleading that his poems be excised so that they would be sure of wide reading. Whitman was an industrious writer of notices about his own book, contributing puffs to any journal that would print them. At one time a New York phrenologist was his agent for the sale of *Leaves of Grass,* and he puffed it regularly in a phrenological journal. In recounting that notable episode of the cover, Emerson is usually made to figure as a tender æsthete drawn unwilling into commercialism. But this is not a just view. Was there ever an abler puffer of a book than the Sage of Concord himself when acting as the apostle of Carlyle in this country? He not merely undertook to edit *Sartor* and the *French Revolution* for American readers, but was publisher, capitalist, promoter and a wily foiler of pirates, and moved public opinion by sheer force of enthusiasm, so that his ventures paid Carlyle $2,000 before the London editions had produced royalties.

And so the tale goes and the instances multiply. He who decries our sensational announcements of "best sellers" as something degenerate and new, cannot have

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looked back over the old files and seen the solid columns of book puffery which began with newspapers themselves. In 1663 James Allestry, at the Bell, St. Paul's Churchyard, announced as "Newly published, the second part of *Hudibras* (by the incomparable author of the former), which, if possible, has outdone the first." The London *Times* in 1788 carried nine columns of advertisements in a sixteen-column paper, and two and a half were notices of new books. Until Fanny Burney wrote *Evelina* novels were frankly obscene, and usually advertised as such, with thin titles like "Letters Between an Illustrious Gentleman and a Lady of Honour." Her novel, published quietly by booksellers of little note, eventually elbowed tidbits of this sort out of the market, despite their puffing.

And this, generally, is an epitome of publishing. Thousands upon thousands of mediocre volumes, fanned into a brief fame, have gone into oblivion, while the *Tom Joneses,* the *Vanity Fairs,* the *Les Miserables* and *Trilbys* have sprung into instant popularity without the machinery of exploitation. Single poems hid away in fine type in the corners of newspapers have been discovered and acclaimed by a public seldom deceived by the wiliest puffing. A *Ben Hur,* starting out with moderate sales and formal announcements the first twelve months, has increased in ratio for years, until it has outsold all the "best sellers" of a generation. An *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* published serially in a none-too-widely circulated *Era Magazine,* has in ten years worked out its destiny in war. Side by side with much-heralded works of pseudo-literary merit have run stories by writers whose names are never seen in the reviews, or book gossip, nor on bulletins and dead-walls, yet who have their hundreds of thousands of readers and an assured return for whatever they write. There may be exceptions. But the good book, whether it be a *John Inglesant* or a *Mr. Barnes of New York,* has usually no advertising history.

Jas. H. Collins.

EDUCATION

TEACHING LITERATURE IN THE COLLEGES

OT long ago I was sitting on the steps of a great library near a group of undergraduates dressed in the athletic negligée so fascinating to the eye of the broad-minded observer. These boys were talking of literature, and the name of Fielding caught my attention. At once I saw that they were about to go on an examination.

"Tom Jones, what did he write?" asked a bright-looking fellow as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

"He didn't write; it's about him. He's the hero, and a ripper. Allworthy is the name of the old one. . . .Two l's. The talk gets away with the story, but skipping it's good, or 'so I am reliably informed.' "

"Good work! How about this next one, *Clarissa Harlowe;* I thought she wrote plays? . . . Sure that *was* Marlowe." And so following.

Later this youth went on examination, and "flattered to tears" the hard-working instructor by a sympathetic appreciation of *Tom Jones,* and how "the novel, otherwise intensely interesting, loses in real narrative force by needless digressions." "If I may venture an opinion, however," he avers with alluring modesty, "these digressions are justified to an extent by the effectiveness of their content."

English literature occupies a large space in the present educational scheme. Under some guise or other it is taught from the kindergarten on up through the post-graduate school; yet in spite of all the time given to it, although we are constantly reminded that the amount of our

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good literature is small, in the end we come on the interesting fact that the students know rather less about it, and feel less care for it, than perhaps for any other study.

In this long course of training three superficial divisions may be distinguished: the high school course, the undergraduate courses in college, and the post-graduate courses. Of these three divisions there is but one in which there is much pretence of really teaching literature for its own sake. Not in the high school courses, where the work is pretty clearly cut out into the patterns of the College Entrance Requirements; nor in the post-graduate, where it is in definite and exquisitely specialised tasks of accomplishing this or that thing concerned with anything you please except the spirit of literature. The purpose of the high school course being to put the student safely into the college classes, and the purpose of the post-graduate courses to fit him to teach college classes, one is led to suspect that the undergraduate college classes are the happy hunting grounds of literary study. The college catalogues confirm this suspicion with thousands of courses in literature, the apparent design of which is cultural rather than scientific.

One other interesting fact the catalogues reveal concerning this cultural study. Not only is the study of English literature for its own sake confined chiefly to the sophomore and junior years in college, but the courses in English literature are the only courses in the curriculum of the average college that have any cultural pretence. From the classics to pure mathematics, the aim and the methods are wholly scientific. Naturally so, of course; for the tendency in college education is toward a system that shall attain the perfection of a machine. Its business, with its paraphernalia of quizzes, examinations and diplomas, inevitably crystallises into an effort to impart a certain precise amount of knowledge. Now and then young men come into the work of teaching with fresh eagerness and zest, only to have their ideals worn down into commonplace regularity by the endless repetition of the eternally fit and required things. Men and courses necessarily become formally accurate and inflexible—academic is the world's word for it. Under this academic system education is just what it says it is not, a pouring-in process. And the teaching of literature, despite the pretence of the college catalogues, is almost wholly scientific and pouring-in and not cultural at all.

In other studies the process of pouring in knowledge gives precisely the results wanted. The emphasis is frankly and clearly on the substitution of some sort of knowledge for ignorance and the developing of a strong brain through an invigorating mental diet. The results are fairly clear to the understanding, and what is attempted is so definite that a professor may safely wager four years ahead on the hour that a student will meet with disaster in the binomial theorem, or call a certain ethical dative on page thirty-six an ablative. In courses where knowledge is the issue, education rejoices to see the machine doing its exact duty with superhuman impartiality. But English literature cannot profitably follow the lead of these other courses. Its emphasis is innately elsewhere. The amount of valuable knowledge to be got from a scientific study of it is small, and of a sort that is not invigorating. The case is made worse by the fact that such knowledge as there is, is in the teaching confusedly enveloped in a vague æsthetic veil.

A teacher with questions to ask, and quizzes and examinations to hold, speedily comes to devoting his energies to finding out whether his students are seriously taking his lectures, and whether they have read *Tom Jones*. Now the student is very dull as well as ignorant who cannot make this modest information sufficiently difficult to discover. It becomes with the teacher a question of "When was *Tom Jones* written?" "Who was Rabbi Ben Ezra?" "Explain fully 'yclept Euphrosyne';" "What is the moral of the 'Ancient Mariner'?" To the teacher marking time on the treadmill, it is a trifle that Coleridge should say that the moral is the very least thing about "The Ancient Mariner." The teacher faces the grim necessity of finding out quickly whether some artful dodger should pass.

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A weary and profitless pursuit, to be sure. So a tired teacher was aroused to enthusiasm, in a dusty waste of "correct" answers, by the response: "The moral of 'The Ancient Mariner' is, 'Always be on time,' for if the guest had been on time he would not have met the grey-beard loon."

Certainly most instructors have realised the lack of value in reducing the study of English literature to a process of accumulating facts, but the necessities of an implacable system, and the uniquely great demand that a culture course makes on personality, have forced the majority on precisely this ground. And in so far as teaching is a contest the position is strategically wisely chosen. Many teachers regard it as safe from all attack. One distinguished maker of text-books, as a part of the unending discussion of "How to Make the Study of English Literature Interesting?" contributes with easy courage, "It should not be made interesting. Let the students scratch for it." The refuge to analogy is wisely made, and needs no analysis. It is enough to say, perhaps, that students lack the vermicular impulse, and that such return as comes to students from scratching for the facts of literature is about as muscular as an anæmic chicken.

Every English department has its full share of instructors, and every student goes through two or three text-books of literature before he is graduated, and every instructor and every text-book reveals a "method" and guide, but in the many interests in college life, for all this painful care, does anyone ever hear of a vital interest in literature? The large number of students who take courses in literature do so for reasons that give the thoughtful instructor no pride. They go through not unlike a party of Cook's tourists; it is the easy and natural thing to do, and once done, it is done forever. If carefully planned outlines and courses, and exhaustively educated instructors, don't succeed, it isn't to be inferred that carelessness and negligence will. To have the negligence of Lowell, one must first of all be Lowell; but nothing but the apotheosis of system can ever lead, in a culture course, to satisfaction in conventionalised methods that have only the slightest relation to culture.

Souls of Poets dead and gone, what Elysium can ye know that will hold your happiness safe from the pædagogue's desiccated discourses on your art? "Why aren't you taking notes?" asked a certain professor who devoted brief intervals in his research work to inspiring undergraduates. "I have my father's, sir," replied the more or less naïve boy. Is it any wonder that the essays that come trooping in at predestined intervals "lack spontaneity and real enthusiasm"? And is it a wider wonder that on a quiz, a criticism by the professor should be dimly reflected by the student (to dumb forgetfulness not quite a prey) in: "Keats is an anæsthetic poet"!

If the teacher of literature does succeed in truly imparting the spirit of literature, he has achieved the most delicate thing in all teaching. For in sober truth, the teaching of literature is not the job of a taskmaster. It is not necessarily for the man labelled by the scholastic system a doctor in the realm of knowledge any more than for the dainty dilettante. Let us not shirk the necessities of the case. Vitally to conduct a course whose main purpose is culture is to arouse an active and abiding love where no love exists; it is nothing less than to transfuse the spirit of beauty. A medium that to the mind of the student shall exhibit in a large degree the spirit of perfection, is the obvious demand of such a course in art. The demand is insistent for the spirit, not of the taskmaster, but for the rich, flexible spirit of the master.

If the undergraduate courses were limited to fit the few, the problem would disappear; but they are taken by the crowd, and the teacher has to get some sort of "work" out of the crowd. For the work to have any value it has to be adjusted to the average of aptitude and taste, and it is a much more difficult thing to feel the average of taste than to see the average of intelligence. The fact that the disposition of the American, man and boy, is not inclined to a patient consideration of any form or art further complicates the problem. To the American the achievements of the English schoolboy

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make English biography as full of curious facts as the plain tales from the pioneer West. The American undergraduate has a fine basic taste; but it is a taste that has a heartiness almost rough. He has a sense of humour that cannot resist the spectacle of an able-bodied man dallying with pretty bits of poetry. Enthusiasm has to present its credentials of fine sense in reserve before it can arouse the sympathy necessary to impart the manifold spiritual content that is in poetry. To put the spirit of literature and the love of good literature into the mind and heart of the developing man is a problem so difficult that its only answer is a great teacher.

Education, in certain instances, appears to follow tradition as a substitute for frank thinking. The teaching of English literature is such an instance. Where the demand of the study is for nothing less than a great teacher, the demand of education is that the stuff be taught. The classes scratch for such "grades" as they can get, while the instructors celebrate the college by dating therefrom articles that testify very often their assiduity in neglecting their most vital duties. Though a man may for his genius attain the distinction of being a great teacher, his position in the academic world is made nothing by the bar sinister: "He never published anything."

English literature can be taught, but it isn't necessary that it should be taught. It can be taught only by a teacher especially gifted. If it isn't possible to get men who can fill the large requirements, educators should not be dominated by a conventionalised curriculum, but the courses should be stricken out. For it to be taught badly is a hurt to education, and a wilful crime against literature.

E. K. Graham.

REVIEWS

SOME RECENT EDITIONS OF CÆSAR.*

Nothing shows more clearly the popularity of Cæsar as the first Latin author in the secondary school course than the great number of editions which have appeared within the last few years. The attempt to substitute Nepos seems to have failed completely, not because Cæsar is better adapted to the purpose, but in part at least because many teachers in our smaller schools have not the general knowledge of Latin necessary to make them feel at ease with an unfamiliar text.

Since there is little opportunity for novelties in the introductions and commentaries of such books, many of the newer editions find it necessary to justify their existence by the introduction of special "features" of more or less merit. These are illustrated by the books under consideration, and, with the addition of Mather's *Selections* (reviewed in an earlier number of this magazine), we have representatives of the different classes so far as the amount and variety of text is concerned. Professor Bennett's book, like the other volumes of his Series, is practical and conservative, giving only the four books required for admission to college, with the usual introductions, notes, and vocabulary. These are all of the high grade which is a general characteristic of his work. The vocabulary, however, is not confined to Books I-IV, but covers the entire seven. There seems to be no object in this, unless the editor has in mind the possibility of adding to his text in a future edition.

There is of course much to be said in favour of giving a Latin work in its entirety, as is done by Towle and Jenks. It would be highly desirable for our schoolboys to read the whole of the Gallic War, but this can rarely be done under present conditions. The entire text, however, allows the independent teacher to make his own selections, instead of reading only the first four books or having his path blazed for him. Johnston and Sanford give Books I-V, while others give Books I-IV with selections from V-VII, or, like Mather, general selections from the Gallic and Civil Wars, or from the former alone.

The introductions differ little in their general plan. All include a sketch of Cæsar's career and some account of the Roman army of his time. Towle and Jenks add a brief history of the Roman commonwealth and an

**Gallic War, Books I-V,* edited with Introduction, Notes, Synonyms, Word-groups and Vocabulary, by Harold W. Johnston, Ph.D., University of Indiana, and Frederick W. Sanford, A.B., Fellow in the University of Chicago. Students' Series. Sanborn and Co., New York, 1906.

Gallic War, with Introduction, Notes, Appendix and Vocabulary, by Harry F. Towle and Paul R. Jenks, Boys' High School, Brooklyn. Gildersleeve-Lodge Latin Series. University Publishing Co., New York, 1905.

Gallic War, Books I-IV, with Introduction, Notes and Vocabulary, by Charles E. Bennett, Cornell University. Bennett's Latin Series. Allyn and Bacon, Boston, 1903.

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estimate of the character of the Roman people, and an account of Gaul and its peoples, while Johnston and Sanford add to these an account of Cæsar's provinces.

These last two editions are characterised by a number of "features." The latter gives in heavy-faced type each word which occurs more than once in Books I-V on the occasion of its first appearance in the text, a custom which is new only in its details. It mars the appearance of the page, but may have advantages enough to offset this. An excellent idea in this same edition is that of asking review questions at the end of the notes on each chapter of the Helvetian War in Book I and of Book II throughout. Another novelty is a list of synonyms, consisting of thirty-one groups of verbs, twenty-five of nouns, eleven of adjectives, and fifteen of adverbs, with an index to the entire collection, followed by groups of related words. In Towle and Jenks we have word-lists, giving the principal parts of verbs, irregular substantives, and the like, and in the vocabulary references to the text are given for the words of least frequent occurrence. The greatest innovation in this edition consists in a complete syntactical appendix, to which reference is made in the notes instead of to the grammars. References to several grammars are, however, given in connection with each section of the Appendix. Most of these features seem designed to relieve the student of buying any books beside his edition of Cæsar, and since most students will neither buy books nor use them, they may be justified. The last one seems desirable, and even necessary, not for the reason given by the editors, but because of the great number of school grammars. It is practically impossible to refer in the notes to seven different grammars, and to restrict one's references to three or four makes the edition unavailable for those who use the others.

All editions of Cæsar are illustrated now-a-days, though the amount and character of the illustrative material differ greatly. Here too Bennett is conservative, giving only what is necessary to illustrate the chapter on the army, a number of excellent maps. Towle and Jenks, on the other hand, have besides a number of good and appropriate pictures. An example of irrelevant illustration is seen in the revision of Chase and Stuart's Cæsar, which is adorned with full-page cuts of Roman remains which were not even in existence in Cæsar's time, such as the Temple of Castor in the Forum, the Colosseum, and the Mausoleum of Hadrian. *John C. Rolfe.*

EDUCATIONAL BOOK NOTES

ENGLISH TEXTS.

Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* and Lowell's *Vision of Sir Launfal* are combined in one volume of the Standard Literary Series, published by the University Publishing Company. The general editorial note by Prof. E. E. Hale dwells upon the advantage of the comparative study of these two diverse specimens of the romantic movement. The brief and succinct biographical sketches, the historical account of the romantic movement, and the excellent critical discussions are by Prof. H. G. Paul. The directions for study, and the questions for topical discussion, are excellent; but very many of the footnotes are superfluous, and frequent ones apt to prove a distraction to the interest and attention of the student, if not an offense to taste. This latter, however, arises from an emphasis in footnote to the technique of construction that will commend itself to many.

For the English work of the primary grades two additions are made in the *Indian Primer*,* by Florence C. Fox, and the *Action Primer*,* by Thos. O. Baker, the former is designed as a supplementary text, and will be welcomed in those schools that devote a portion of the earlier years to the study of Indian life. As a matter of fact, not one but several culture epochs are covered, from the Zunis and cliff-dwellers of the plain through Hiawatha and Pocahontas to the Esquimaux of the north. The action primer is designed to introduce the child into the technique of reading through the ordinary activities of the school and home. Neither text offers anything new in the way of method: both are good examples of both the pædagogical and mechanical excellencies of the texts now being furnished the children of the lower grades.

*American Book Company.

HISTORY TEXTS

Among the many recently issued texts in United States history, none is better for the particular grade of school work for which it is designed than the *Essentials of United States History*,* by Wm. A. Mowry and Blanche S. Mowry. The most evident commendable feature is its continuous narrative style: the book tells a story and not simply facts to be learned. This is a *sine qua non* for a history for the grades, and this text is designed for the grammar grades only. The proportions of this book are excellent: only essential topics are treated, and fully and clearly. The emphasis is superior to that of most texts. About the same space is given to the period since the Civil War as to the pre-Revolutionary period. The Mexican War is dismissed with one page. The space devoted to all the wars is minimized, while the advance in civilisation and culture is treated with corresponding fulness. Not only inventions and discoveries, but such advances as the adoption of standard time, provision for international copyright, the work of the weather bureau are discussed in a manner at once adequate, and intelligible

*Silver, Burdett & Co.

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and interesting to the child. The illustrations, maps and biography are excellent and helpful to the child. Errors in fact and in interpretation occur, as in all texts, but for the most part these are the traditional ones. To give the impression that Toscanelli was the first to proclaim the sphericity of the earth, is unfortunate, to say the least. The oft-quoted letter of Governor Berkeley, thanking God that there are no free schools in Virginia, is again quoted without the context, which was to the effect that the same provision was made for education in Virginia as in England. The failure to understand the meaning of "free school" at that time is largely responsible for the misinterpretation of this quotation made here as often elsewhere. Such errors, however, are infrequent.

Among the avalanche of texts now descending upon the schools there must be many that are indifferently good, and some even atrociously bad. But that there should be a reversion to the type that was popular at the beginning of last century is strange indeed. And yet that is the case with *American History Versified,** by Felix Faber, which purports to give the essentials of American history in forty-one stanzas. The following is a fair sample:

"In fourteen hundred and ninety-two
Columbus crossed the ocean blue.
One hundred and twenty brave sailors had he
When from Palos, in Spain, he set out o'er the sea,
Which no man before had dared to explore,
And reached the far island of San Salvador.
He planted the Cross, and their banners unfurled.
'To Castile and Leon he gave a New World.'"

Appropriate marginal dates and footnotes give other essentials which the child may hang on the memory pegs of the verse.

The volume appropriately bears upon its dedicatory page the familiar quotation, "I care not who makes the laws of the country if I may make its ballads." Such being the significance of these ballads, it is due the public to have a further acquaintance with them, and we cannot forbear to quote this stanza on expansion, comprising the period between the Civil and the Spanish Wars:

"No land in America Russians now hold;
In eighteen sixty-seven Alaska they sold.
The month of October, eighteen seventy-one,
Fire raged in Chicago three days ere 'twas done.
In science applied, how this period has shone!
The phonograph speaks, and the long telephone,
With steamers upon it and cables below,
Across the Atlantic the human tides flow."

There might be some inclined to ridicule this work as wholly inadequate to its mission, as outlined in its preface, were it not for the sympathy with the child, the insight into the educational problem, the patriotic devotion, and the modest pretensions of the author, as shown in the dedicatory verse:

"Dear children, learn these little verses;
Our History each one rehearses.
'Love thou thy land with love far brought,'
Heed well this truth the poet taught;
And love the Scribe who seeks your pleasure
And shows a zeal that knows no measure."

The claim made in the last line is amply vindicated by the text itself.

*The Neale Publishing Company.

NATURE STUDY.

*Our Common Wild Flowers,** by Alice M. Dowd, is offered as a text for the upper grades of the public schools. It consists of a popular untechnical description of one hundred of the wild flowers and shrubs most common in the region of the Central and New England States. To the descriptions are added historical and literary references which no doubt appeal to the child interest. By the help of such a manual the pupil would be able to identify many of the common flowers, by the hit-or-miss method. But the school should be under no illusion: there is nothing of a scientific value to be derived from the use of such a text. The best that could be derived is an ability to identify a few flowers, which must have been previously known by the teacher, and to recognise a few literary references. There is nothing scientific about the training derived: the arrangement of the text, and hence of the school work based upon it, is most unsystematic: the descriptions are not only untechnical, but consequently often vague and inexact: attention is centered purely on the externals of the plant, not on the plant life itself. But judged by the existing standards of nature study as it actually exists in our schools, the book has much to commend it: at least this, that the child would be able to recognise the plants common in his environment.

Mountain Wild Flowers of America,† by Julia W. Henshaw, may be mentioned as among the best of the numerous popular works on nature issued during recent years. The plan is that of most such works: a popular guide through a simple colour key, rather than through scientific analysis. Technical and popular descriptions are given of several hundred plants, most of which are, of course, found quite commonly throughout northern latitudes. But since the book contains all those flowers which "bloom above the clouds," it forms a very convenient companion piece for a summer outing. One hundred plates of photographic reproduction add much of attractiveness to the volume.

*The Gorham Press, Boston.
†Ginn & Co.

PÆDAGOGY

A sane, wholesome, practical, and comprehensive work on school management, under the title, *The School and its Life,‡* is the work

‡Silver, Burdett and Co.

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of Charles B. Gilbert, now of the Western Reserve University. Mr. Gilbert introduces his readers to the treatise with the statement that the literature of the psychological and philosophical phases of education is vast and reasonably sufficient, while that of its practical aspects is meagre and unsatisfactory. This statement is of very doubtful validity. To most students of the subject it would seem that the practical literature is the more abundant, and probably the most adequate. However, no such excuse is necessary for adding this excellent treatise to the three or four recent works upon the subject. The author disclaims any intention of treating the fundamental principles underlying the practical problems dealt with, and this is fortunate, if one may judge from a few occasions when he departs from this resolution. In such cases there occur the same vague generalities that usually characterise such discussions. The book is sometimes marred by wordiness—the bane of the literature of the subject: and such a treatise could not avoid a frequent reliance upon platitudes. But as a whole it gives an impression of freshness and force that could result only as the outcome of long and successful contact with the school-room. Among the twenty-four chapters are those on "The Morale of the School," "Gradation and Promotion of Pupils," "The Individual Child," "The Place of the Teacher," "The Course of Study," "The Superintendent," "The Principal," "The Home and the School," "The Social Function of the School." Thus a very wide scope is given to the subject, which is discussed in the spirit of no narrow school-room pendantry.

It would seem that the limit to the detailed psychological study of child life was reached in *First Steps in Mental Growth*,* by Dr. David R. Major. From one point of view, this 350 pages of minute record of the observation of the activities of a child for its first two years is an excellent piece of impersonal scientific study. There is scarcely an independent generalisation made as a result of the study, though frequent reference is made to the extent to which the observations recorded, conform to or conflict with the generalisations of another treatise on the same subject. From another point of view the book may be taken as a sample of that piling up of observation of commonplace phenomena which may have some value to the specialist, but has no interest or meaning for any one outside a narrow circle. From another point of view the volume may be considered a veritable treasure house of material for Miss Daskam and other writers of kindergarten stories. A single passage may serve to illustrate equally well the three points of view. Under the section on "Learning to use a spoon and fork to carry food to the mouth," which we are informed in a footnote is "a modification of the carrying-to-the-mouth motion which is so conspicuous a feature of the hand-movements of the latter part of the first year," we have the following record:

"The baby's first attempt to feed himself with a spoon or fork, from the artistic viewpoint, ends in flat failure. The performance usually yields results which are far from satisfying to the æsthetic sense: in fact the baby makes a mess of it. But the baby's sense of the beautiful is not easily offended, and he enters into the learning with eagerness. . . . It was found that as soon as the child held a spoon or fork in his hands and poked around, in rough imitation of his attendants, in the cups, bowls or saucers which contained his food, he was ready to try to feed himself, if given a little help." What a wonderful triumph is here recorded for the twentieth century! In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries we read of knights skilful to a hair's breadth in the use of sword or dagger, yet spitting their tongues with the new-fangled instrument for eating. But in the twentieth we find a child in his fifteenth month—or to be scientifically accurate his 446th day—thus skilful.

The publication of a few such books is no doubt valuable, especially when written by a trained observer and one familiar with psychological principles, literature and methods. But may the publishers spare us from the innumerable "babies' diaries" of the fond parents of the present generation.

A little volume of *Talks with a Training Class*,* by Margaret Slattery, contains a sensible and wholesome discussion of leading educational principles and psychological terms, with special reference to the needs and experiences of Sunday School teachers. It contains nothing novel in interpretation, or even in statement, but is brief, concise, and suggestive.

PRACTICAL HELPS

A *Manual of Examinations for Governmental Positions*, by Frank Pergande, is privately issued by the author.† It is a guide to those preparing for examinations for the civil service and frankly aims at a memory cram for those tests. However valuable it may be to the unfortunate candidate with little school training, the volume is of no educational value, save to indicate how a test of intelligence and ability may reduce itself to a mere test of unintelligent memoriter work.

A Manual of Descriptive Annotations for Library Catalogues‡ by Ernest A. Savage, is a very sane and thorough treatment of the work supplementary to library cataloguing. Although an English work by a librarian of an English library, the little treatise will be of very great assistance and suggestiveness to every librarian, as would be its suggestions, if embodied in practice, to every library patron and visitor.

*The Macmillan Company.

*The Pilgrim Press, Boston.
†Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
‡Library Supply Company, London.

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THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

NEW YORK.

Albertson Publishing Company:

Editorials from the Hearst Newspapers.

This volume is composed of articles which originally appeared in the editorial columns of the various Hearst newspapers. These sketches, which number over a hundred, are short and are upon many themes.

D. Appleton and Company:

Ocean and Inland Water Transportation. By Emory R. Johnson.

"A treatise on the economics of transportation by water." Book I, which takes up about four-fifths of the volume, is devoted to ocean transportation. Book II deals with inland waterways and their traffic. The work is intended as a complement to the author's "American Railway Transportation." There are illustrations, maps, diagrams, etc.

A. S. Barnes and Company:

Mr. Pratt. By Joseph C. Lincoln.

Like "Cap'n Eri" and "Partners of the Tide," Mr. Lincoln's new story is a humorous and characteristic study of life along the New England coast. Skipper Pratt, a very important character, tells the story of two fashionable young men from New York who have come to the little fishing village in search of quiet and the simple life.

Brentano's:

Italian Romance Writers. By Joseph Spencer Kennard.

In addition to the introduction, in which there is a general history of romances by Italian novelists, there are fourteen chapters devoted to the life story and the works of as many writers. These are: Alexander Manzoni, Massimo, Taparelli D'Azeglio, Francesco Domenico Guerrazzi, Tommaso Grossi, Ippolito Nievo, Edmondo De Amicis, Antonio Fogazzaro, Giovanni Verga, Matilde Serao, Federigo De Roberto, Anna Neera, Grazia Deledda, Enrico Annibale Butti, and Gabbriele D'Annunzio.

The Picture of Dorian Gray. By Oscar Wilde.

After being out of print for several years this psychological study is republished. The new edition contains chapters which were omitted from the original American edition. The portrait which inspired the story appears as the frontispiece.

Broadway Publishing Company:

Pocahontas. By Virginia Armistead Garber.

The story of this well-known historical character is told in verse. The frontispiece is from a painting said to be a life portrait of Pocahontas.

Social Eccentricities. By Walter Sonneberg.

More than three hundred epigrams are included in this volume. Four comic drawings by William L. Hudson illustrate the book.

The Gas Offis. By the Offis Boy.

The reader becomes well acquainted with the gas office, its employees, its joys and sorrows, its ins and outs and many experiences that may be traced directly to the boy himself. He tells the story in his own way.

Bixby of Boston. By John Tornrose Fitzgerald.

This humorous tale narrates the experiences of a young railway office clerk. Twelve drawings, by the author, illustrate the story.

The Century Company:

The Intellectual Miss Lamb. By Florence Morse Kingsley.

This bit of satire has for its heroine a very pretty professor of physiological psychology at a woman's college. She regards men, women, and children as so many "types" which she desires to study and include in her next book. The man is not a bit dismayed, when, in answer to a proposal, she informs him that he "had completely confused his primary inferences." The ending of the romance is not unlike those in which the heroine is somewhat less learned.

The Clarendon Press:

The Nature of Truth. By Harold H. Joachim.

Making no pretensions at establishing a new theory, this essay is an endeavour "to examine certain typical notions of truth, one or other of which—whether in the form of a vague assumption, or raised to the level of an explicit theory—has hitherto served as the basis of philosophical speculation."

Robert Grier Cooke:

Panama Patchwork. By James Stanley Gilbert.

In an introduction which Tracy Robinson has written for this volume, he says: "These poems have been evolved from an inner consciousness, the visible and outward environment of which has

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been an active business life." There are over one hundred poems in the collection.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

The Story of Paul Jones. By Alfred Henry Lewis.

The subject, about whom this historical romance is woven, is one in whose life there occurred many exciting adventures. The recent enthusiasm over the body of Paul Jones adds to the interest in the story. There are eight illustrations.

Extra Dry. By Bert Leston Taylor and W. C. Gibson.

The fate of those who were cast away upon the foundering of the "Water Wagon" is here told. "It is a tale of privation and torture unparalleled in the history of human thirst." The illustrations, by L. M. Glackens, make the epigrams more interesting.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

My Sword for Lafayette. By Max Pemberton.

Zaida Kay, the hero of this tale, "was first and foremost the friend of Lafayette; but he was also a sterling soldier, who never forgot a kindness nor willingly did any man an injury." The first exciting adventure occurred at Barren Hill and at Yorktown, where the hero and his leader fought for the cause of American Independence; the second great scene takes place in France, whither Kay has gone with General Lafayette to aid in the French Revolution. A spirited love story runs through the book.

The Girl with the Blue Sailor. By Burton E. Stevenson.

The hero meets the "girl with the blue sailor" on his way to the Catskills for a rest. During the whole of his vacation a flirtation is carried on between them. He is sent, by the newspaper on which he works, to South Africa to report for the Boer army. When he returns there is a surprise in store for the reader, as well as for some of the characters in the story.

Rubaiyat of a Motor Car. By Carolyn Wells.

This humorous parody of "Omar" mildly satirises the enthusiasms and tribulations of the automobilist of today, and at the same time expresses the philosophy of the motorist. The numerous full-page illustrations in colour are by Frederick Strothmann.

Magazine Articles I Have Read. Arranged by Burton Emmett.

The magazine reader who would like a memorandum of the stories, articles, and poetry which have interested him or which he thinks he may want to refer to at some time will find this book very valuable. It is arranged for records under subject classification, with spaces for title, author, name of magazine, date, volume, and remarks.

My Commencement.

A convenient form in which to keep a record of one's commencement and all the interesting facts connected with it, including accounts of the exercises, brief sketches of the teachers, the classmates, newspaper clippings, etc. The pages are blank and are supposed to be filled in by the owner.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Recollections of Thirteen Presidents. By John S. Wise.

Twelve presidents of the United States and Mr. Jefferson Davis have been personally known to Mr. Wise, who is not yet sixty years of age. A chapter is given to the reminiscences and anecdotes of each of the following presidents: Tyler, Pierce, Buchanan, Jefferson Davis (president of the Confederacy), Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, Harrison, McKinley and Roosevelt. Among the illustrations are portraits of each character dealt with. There are, also, pictures of Henry A. Wise, Miss Harriet Lane, and Mark Hanna.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

Miss New York. By Edmund Blair Pancake.

The hero of this novel, a college student, finds the heroine, a girl bearing unmistakable signs of aristocratic lineage, in a rude hut on the side of a mountain. His roommate is even more ardent in his attention than he is. They woo her together, but it is not until she is able to disclose her identity and clear up the mystery that has surrounded her that she accepts either.

Fox, Duffield and Company:

The Book of Tea. By Okakura-Kakuzo.

These essays for the most part relate to tea—not to tea as a beverage, but as an æsthetic symbol. He speaks of Taoism and Zennism, of Art Appreciation, Flowers, Tea-Masters, the Tea-Room, the Cup of Humanity, and the Schools of Tea. The author says that "The Philosophy of Tea is not mere æstheticism in the ordinary acceptance of the term, for it expresses conjointly with ethics and religion our whole point of view about man and nature: It is hygiene, for it enforces cleanliness; it is economics, for it shows comfort in simplicity rather than in the complex and costly; it is moral geometry, inasmuch

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as it defines our sense of proportion to the universe. It represents the true spirit of eastern Democracy by making all its votaries aristocrats in taste."

Henry Frowde:

My Lady of Dream. By Lloyd Mifflin.

In a prefatory note the author says that in these poems he has "sought to apostrophise in an elusive way that Spirit which has ever been very dear to me and at whose feet I have offered many years of my life."

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

Samantha vs. Josiah. By Marietta Holley.

In Miss Holley's latest book her well-known characters appear in connection with a borrowed automobile. The fate of this car and various other incidents narrated in the humorous style of Josiah Allen's wife go to make up the story.

Tuxedo Avenue to Water Street. By Amos R. Wells.

The author says that this story of a transplanted church is a parable. "It shows a church transferred to the highways and the hedges, a church going forth, as all churches will some day go forth, to the place where the need is, where the work and the blessedness are."

Spurgeon's Illustrative Anecdotes. Selected and classified by Rev. Louis Albert Banks.

The stories of Spurgeon are here gathered and classified. They will be found valuable to preachers and laymen.

A Desk-Book of Errors in English. By Frank H. Vizetelly.

The purpose of this volume is to point out "common errors and slovenly speech in the hope that they will prove acceptable to and that they will be read with interest by all who desire to acquire refined diction, and to check the use of those vulgarisms which unfortunately spread only too rapidly from the street into the home."

The Health-Care of the Baby. By Louis Fischer.

This handbook for mothers and nurses gives suggestions and advice for infant feeding in health and sickness; directs and guides fevers, measles, croup, etc. gives antidotes for poisoning; and offers aid to the injured. It also deals with bad habits in a child.

Harper and Brothers:

Under the Sunset. Harper's Novelettes. Edited by W. D. Howells and H. M. Alden.

This addition to the Harper Novelettes contains ten stories. They are: "The End of the Journey," by Grace Ellery Channing; "The Sage-brush Hen," by Thomas A. Janvier; "A Madonna of the Desert," by Elia W. Peattie; "The Prophetess of the Land of No-Smoke," by Marie Manning; "A Little Pioneer," by Philip Verrill Mighels; "Back to Indiana," by Elmore Elliott Peake; "The Gray Chieftain," by Charles A. Eastman, M.D.; "The Inn of San Jacinto," by Zoe Dana Underhill; "Tio Juan," by Maurice Kingsley; and "Jamie the Kid," by Josiah Flynt.

Pizarro. By Frederick A. Ober.

Another addition to the "Heroes of American History" series. The story of that wonderful man, who, with only a few soldiers, subdued the large empire of the Incas of Peru, is here told by Mr. Ober. Much of what has heretofore been accessible only in an inconvenient form is condensed in this volume. The book is well illustrated.

Mark Twain's Library of Humour: The Primrose Way.

The same writers who are represented in the first two volumes of this "Library of Humour" have contributed to this. The first story is "Playing Courier," by Mark Twain. Others are: "At Niagara," by W. D. Howells; "Plumbers," by Charles Dudley Warner; "Leander," by Sewell Ford; "The Idiot Triumphant," by John Kendrick Bangs, etc.

Guarding a Great City. By William McAdoo.

Ex-Commissioner McAdoo describes in this volume "the inner workings of the New York police system and discusses the problems that grow out of the supervision of vice and crime in a great city, suggesting various reforms." There are chapters on the East Side, Chinatown, and the Pool-Room Evil.

A Modern Slavery. By Henry W. Nevinson.

This book is the result of a journey through Africa. It contains an account of the slave-trade carried on to-day by the Portuguese, despite the Berlin Treaty of 1895. This trading is practiced in the Portuguese islands of San Thomé and Principe, and in the Portuguese province of Angola. Mr. Nevinson was obliged to travel *incognito* and even then barely escaped death. Several illustrations from photographs add to an otherwise interesting book.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Misses Make-Believe. By Mary Stuart Boyd.

The "Misses Make-Believe," whose real names are Belle and Eileen Fleming, are two English gentlewomen who, with limited means, try to make a so-

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cial "hit" in London. Finally, their finances being exhausted, they take a small cottage and gradually become sensible. A romance runs through the story.

The Analysis of Racial Descent in Animals. By Thos. H. Montgomery, Jr.

An examination into the methods of determining racial descent by the analysis of phenomena, concluding with an attempt to deduce general and fundamental principles covering the subject. The book contains ten divisions: Environment Modes of Existence, Heredity and Embryonic Differentiation, Relations of Modes of Reproduction and Conjugation, Life Cycles and Polymorphism of Individuals, Variations and Mutations, the Transmutation of Species, Parallelism of the Ontogeny and the Phylogeny, Morphological Comparisons, the Relative Values of Morphological Characters and Criteria of Racial Advancement.

Mitchell Kinnerly:

Modern Love.

An anthology. Most of the poems in this collection are by living authors, chosen from fifty different volumes. Among the authors are: W. B. Yeats, Arthur Symons, Ernest Dowson, Andrew Lang, E. Nesbit, and Richard Le-Gallienne.

Imperial Purple. By Edgar Saltus.

A new edition of a work which appeared more than a dozen years ago. It is a romance, the scenes of which are laid in Nero's time.

Sirocco. By Kenneth Brown.

Upon Yankee shrewdness and the trickery of the Orient is this story founded. The scenes are laid in Northern Africa. The plot of the story concerns a young English woman rescued from the Sultan by an Englishman.

The John Lane Company:

Story of the Princess des Ursins in Spain. By Constance Hill.

In this new edition is included fresh material gathered from a collection of letters recently published in a French publication. The first chapters of the book discuss the appointment of the Princess, by Louis XIV, to the post of Camarera Mayor—Mistress of the Queen's Household—in the new Bourbon Court of Madrid; others deal with her Court life. The volume is well illustrated.

The Wild Flowers of Selborne. By John Vaughan.

The main purpose of Canon Vaughan in this volume is to compare the wild flowers of Selborne, as recorded by Gilbert White in his "Natural History of Selborne," with what is known of the same subject in the same place to-day. Among his subjects are Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick, Izaak Walton, Jane Austen, Pot-herbs, the Disappearance of Plants, Our Poisonous Plants, etc. The book contains ten illustrations.

The Secret Life.

These essays are written in the form of a diary, a "heretic diary," the subtitle gives it. In them are a number of the author's "secret loves and hates, of the intolerable opinions for which I have been slapped and put to bed, of all the sentimental rubbish I carry about with me in a fardel under my mask and domino—the poor inconsequential treastures of my secret life."

Cornish Saints and Sinners. By J. Henry Harris.

Life and character in Cornwall's highways and byways are pictured in these sketches. The book is copiously illustrated with drawings by L. Raven Hill.

The Young O'Briens. By the author of "Elizabeth's Children."

The happenings of the four O'Brien children during the year spent in London are told in this book. The failure of a mine in which their father had invested his fortune necessitated the acceptance of a position as surgeon on a ship. On account of the mother's poor health she accompanied him on the voyage. The children were obliged to leave their home in Ireland and go to their aunt. The year passes more pleasantly than was expected and both good health and fortune are restored. A touch of romance is given to the latter part of the book.

The Bridal of Anstace. By Elizabeth Godfrey.

The disappearance of Count Basil Leonides on the eve of his wedding is the mystery upon which this tale hangs. After weeks of separation the bride seeks seclusion by going to her old nurse. The dénouement is left to the discovery of the reader.

Longmans, Green and Company:

The History of English Rationalism in the Nineteenth Century. 2 Vols. By Alfred William Benn.

Starting on the basis that the English Church and all the religious communities in England have become alienated from fact and love of fact, the author endeavours to trace the process by which this has been brought about. The work is divided into twenty chapters on such subjects as: Rationalism and the Methods of Faith, The English Deists, English Rationalism Before and After the Revolution, Coleridge, Utili-

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tarianism and Romance, The Religious Reaction and Its Meaning, The Dissolution of Pietism, The Deliverance of Criticism, The Deliverance of Science and Philosophy, The Retreat of Theology, The Historical Method, etc.

Nature Knowledge in Modern Poetry. By Alexander Mackie.

The writer of these articles has striven to gather the best references to the birds, insects, and flowers from four poets, who are all lovers of Nature, but who differ in their manner of presenting scientific facts. These poets are Tennyson, Wordsworth, Matthew Arnold, and Lowell.

Simple Annals. By M. E. Francis.

These Dorset stories are studies of working women. They make no pretensions at analysing conditions or grappling with problems. Their main purpose is to picture some of the joys and sorrows of a large and varied class. There are fourteen stories in all. Some of the titles are: The Breadwinner, Patchwork, Mrs. Angel, A Widow Indeed, The Transplanting of a Daisy, etc.

The Problem of the Pentateuch. By Randolph H. McKim.

These lectures are an examination of the results of the higher criticism of the Old Testament. The chief objection is to the conclusions deduced by many critics as to the unhistorical and untrustworthy character of the Old Testament narratives. The Dean of Canterbury has written a foreword to the book.

The Macmillan Company:

Walter Pater. By Arthur C. Benson.

Mr. Benson has followed his "Fitz-Gerald" and "Rossetti" with a study of Walter Pater, issued in the "English Men of Letters" series. The two sisters of Pater have given the author assistance in his work. One of the most interesting chapters gives an account of his personal characteristics. "Marius the Epicurean" is given praise as Pater's best work. Other chapters deal with his early life and writings, his life at Oxford and at London, and his later writings.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Where Speech Ends. By Robert Haven Schauffler.

This music novel deals with the Chicago Orchestra, when under the direction of Theodore Thomas. In the prelude Dr. Henry van Dyke says, in effect, that a real musician, well-acquainted with the life, has written a novel to prove the humanity of the members of the orchestra, the humanity which "makes it possible for them to feel their music, and to play it, not as a machine would play, grinding it out with dead monotony, but with all the colour and passion of life itself." The young woman who plays the harp in the orchestra supplies the love interest.

The Neale Publishing Company:

Recollections of a Lifetime. By John Goode of Virginia.

Besides being the life story of a lawyer, soldier, and statesman, as told by himself, this book contains numerous recollections of many persons with whom John Goode came in contact.

Eb Peechcrap and Wife at the Fair. By Herb. Lewis.

The experiences of Deacon Peechcrap and Tildy, his wife, at the St. Louis Fair are told in the vernacular of "'Possum Ridge, nigh ontu Gait City, Ben Davis Caounty, Arkansaw."

Sprigs o' Mint. By James Tandy Ellis.

A collection of sketches, short stories, pen pictures and verses of Kentucky life. In them the author is said to have interwoven "home-spun philosophy, negro dialect and character, local colour, wit, pathos, fancy, and imagination."

Confederate Operations in Canada and New York. By John W. Headley.

A narrative giving the "particulars of the hostile operations along the northern borders of the United States by Confederate soldiers from Canada, who were assigned to this service by the authorities of the Confederate States in 1864." It is thought by the author that the publication of this narrative "may serve as a lesson and a guide to the present and future generations of our reunited country in determining the price of peace and the pretexts for war." An interesting feature of the work is Captain Headley's confession of a cold-blooded endeavour to burn New York City.

Gettysburg. By Robert Wm. Douthat.

"A battle ode descriptive of the Grand Charge of the Third Day, July 3, 1863." The foregoing sub-title gives a concise description of the contents of this small book.

New Tide Publishing House:

A Grain of Madness. By Lida A. Churchill.

The keynote of this romance has been taken from the following quotation from Arsene Houssay: "He who is not born with a grain of madness in his composition is disinherited by heaven. He will be neither poetic, nor artistic, nor victorious, nor amorous, nor young."

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J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company:

The Trials of a Stump Speaker. By Henry S. Wilcox.

"A series of sketches and humorous incidents that happened during the many years' experience of the author, and particularly during the campaign of 1888." Bound within paper covers.

The Outing Publishing Company:

The Praying Skipper and Other Stories. By Ralph D. Paine.

Mention was made of this book in the Chronicle and Comment of the June BOOKMAN. There are seven stories in the volume. "Captain Arendt's Choice," which is said to be the best in the collection, is an exciting story of a collision at sea. "A Victory Unforeseen," "The Last Pilot Schooner," and "The Jade Teapot" are all reputed to be good.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

How to Look at Pictures. By Robert Clermont Witt.

In the previous edition of this book, the author says it "is intended for those who have no special knowledge of pictures and paintings, but are interested in them, and find themselves from time to time in public and private galleries and exhibitions. It makes no appeal to the artist, the expert or the professional critic." The volume is well illustrated.

From a College Window. By Arthur Christopher Benson.

Twelve of the eighteen essays in this volume have been previously published in an English periodical. Some of the subjects dealt with are: The Point of View, On Growing Older, Books, Sociabilities, Conversation, Beauty, Art, Egotism, Education, Ambition, Games, Habits, Religion, etc.

Fleming H. Revell Company:

The French Blood in America. By Lucian J. Fosdick.

"The purpose of this work is to trace the presence and influence of the French Protestant blood in America, and to show how important a part it has had in the making of our Republic." It aims to present a readable, comprehensive view of the Huguenots in France and their descendants in America; to reveal and estimate at its true value the Huguenot influence as a factor in the religion, society, and commerce of this land. The volume contains many illustrations.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Lucy of the Stars. By Frederick Palmer.

Very early in the story Lord Carniston's father commits suicide that the son may be impressed with the fact that in order to find relief from poverty he must marry an heiress, not the woman he loves. In his flight to America Lord Carniston finds Lucy von Kar, the woman from whom he is fleeing, on the same ship with him and in the company of his own friends. The social circles in America receive both. Just as he has come to his senses and determined to marry the heroine the unforeseen happens. John Frane, a splendid type of an American, and Geraldine Hodges are other lovers in the tale. The complications into which all are plunged is the plot of the story.

The Pink Typhoon. By Harrison Robertson.

Judge Macollister's automobile, called "the Pink Typhoon," plays a very prominent part in this story. It is not pink at all, but a bright red. The friendship which springs up between him and two children, Donald and Marion, is responsible for the story. They drive with him almost daily, often accompanied by Delicia, whom the Judge believes to be the nurse, but who is really a very much more important character. The reader must discover her identity the same time that Judge Macollister does. The outcome may be imagined.

The Works of George Meredith. 8 Vols.

Each of the sixteen volumes to be included in this pocket edition of George Meredith's works will be complete in itself. There will be fourteen novels and a volume of short stories and one of poems. These eight are: *Richard Feverel, Vittoria, Sandra Belloni, Diana of the Crossways, Rhoda Fleming, Beauchamp's Career, Harry Richmond,* and *The Egoist.*

Camp Kits and Camp Life. By Charles Stedman Hanks.

This practical handbook contains information on about all phases of outdoor life. There are chapters on The Preliminary Canter, The Man Behind the Gun, The Wangan, Camps and Camp Fires, Camp Cooking, What to do if Lost in the Woods, Some Deer that I have Met, Some Geese and Ducks that Flew Away, Some Pleasures of Trapping, Some Suggestions about Camping Out, Some Remedies for Sickness or Accidents in Camp, etc. The volume is well illustrated.

The Seasons in a Flower Garden. By Louise Shelton.

A "handbook of information and instruction for the amateur. It is especially designed for those who have to use space economically in order to have a variety of flowers. The book is divided into three parts. The first gives directions as to plans, planting and the soil. The second part is arranged in the order of months--giving suggestions for

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each month, a list of its flowering plants, and practical hints for garden work during that month. Part III gives general information.

The Rhine from Rotterdam to Constance. By Karl Baedeker.

The chief object of this small imported volume is to furnish such information to the traveller in the Rhine country "as will render him as nearly as possible independent of hotel-keepers, commissionnaires, and guides," thus adding to the enjoyment of the tour. The book, which has been revised to date, contains forty-seven maps and twenty-nine plans.

Great Britain. By K. Baedeker.

Twenty-two maps, fifty-eight plans and a panorama add much to the value of this handbook to Great Britain, which Messrs. Scribner's sons have imported. The book is designed to aid travellers in planning their tours to make the most of their time, and to enable them to thoroughly enjoy and appreciate the objects of interest which they meet. This sixth edition has been carefully revised and brought down to date.

The Sacred Poems of Henry Vaughan.
Lyra Innocentium. By John Keble.
The Letters of Charles Lamb. Edited by Russell Davis Gillman.

Three additions to the "Caxton Thin Paper Classics." The poems in the first volume have two general subjects: Silex Scintillaus, and Pious Thoughts and Ejaculations. There are verses on a large number of sacred themes. The second volume contains "thoughts in verse on Christian children, their ways and their privileges." These include Cradle Songs, Lessons of Nature, Lessons of Grace, poems on Children's Troubles, Children's Sports, Early Encouragement, Early Warnings, Holy Baptism, etc. There are two hundred and seventy-three letters written by Charles Lamb in the last volume. These extend over the years from 1796-1834. All three volumes are imported.

Etchings of Van Dyck.

This imported volume is published uniformly with "The Etchings of Charles Méryon." The artist's work is illustrated with thirty-four of his etchings. Nearly all of these are portraits. The illustrations are preceded by a sketch of Van Dyck's work, by Frank Newbolt.

My Little Boy. By Carl Ewald.

The hero of this psychological study is said to be the author's own son. "All that Carl Ewald has written in this book and elsewhere is the fruit of his personal knowledge and observation of his own children and those of others." The translation from the Danish is by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos.

Leo Tolstoy. Vol. I. By Paul Birukoff.

Autobiographical memoirs, letters, and biographical material, revised by Tolstoy himself. The first volume of this work, which will be complete in three parts, deals with the earlier life of Tolstoy until his marriage. Birukoff has long been an intimate friend of Tolstoy and has had access to all the material which Countess Tolstoy and other friends have been able to secure. The four parts into which the book is divided are: The Family Origin of Leo Tolstoy; Childhood, Boyhood and Youth; Military Service; and Travels, Literary and Social Activity. The volume is amply illustrated.

German Universities. By Freidrich Paulsen.

"Professor Paulsen aims in his new book to give a systematic account of the nature, function, organisation and historical development of the German university." After the first chapter, which describes the general character of the German university, the work is divided into five parts. Book I gives an outline of their historical development; Book II discusses the present organisation of the universities and their place in public life; Book III deals with university teachers and university instruction; Book IV describes the students and academic study; and Book V is devoted to the particular faculties and their aims. The translation has been made by Frank Thilly and William W. Elwang.

D. G. Rossetti. By H. W. Singer.

This imported volume is an addition to the "Langham Series of Art Monographs." The biography of Rossetti is illustrated by thirteen reproductions of the artist's paintings. There is, also, a list of Rossetti's works in public collections.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Origin of Life. By J. Butler Burke.

The object of this book "is to indicate, and it is hoped also to prove, so far as proof is possible, the continuity of vital processes; that the links between the organic and inorganic, between living and dead matter, form an unbroken and continuous chain, which connects biology with physics as closely as it unites the two with chemistry." Several illustrations add to the value of the book.

BOSTON, MASS.

Richard G. Badger:

The Junction of Laughter and Tears. By DeKellar Stamey.

This collection of verses takes its title from the first selection. The poems,

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which are dedicated to the author's wife and child, are upon various themes. The general subjects are: Under the Blue Dome, The Maelstrom, In Prayerful Mood, In Playful Mood, For Childhood Ears, Brevities, Vesper Chimes, and The Homeland.

The Youth of Messiah. By Edward Farquhar.

The material for this poem is supposed to have been found in an ancient manuscript, recently discovered.

The Sin of Saint Desmond. By Amy Cameron Fariss.

The scenes of this novel are laid in California. The heroine, to please her mother and to be relieved from want, marries a man whom she does not love. She becomes infatuated with Vandell, a scoundrel, and is on the point of eloping with him when the plans are interfered with by Saint Desmond, a minister of splendid qualities. She becomes very ill and Saint Desmond takes her under his care. In order to quiet her ravings, he impersonates Vandell, for whom she constantly calls. This leads to his really caring for her. The rest of the tale tells how the heroine is freed from her husband, the stand Saint Desmond takes, and her ultimate fate. A gold mine plays a prominent part in the story.

The Exodus. By Francis Everard Roche.

An epic on Liberty. The story opens at that time when the Israelites were sore oppressed by the Egyptians and primeval liberty almost overthrown or destined to be overthrown in all other lands. The Almighty requests His Divine Son to take such measures as shall restore and preserve this liberty. The rest of the story tells the means which the Filial Godhead takes to accomplish this. It is assumed that the "Exodus from Egypt was the true turning point in the life of Liberty and its final triumph over the ills of slavery and despotism."

Actæton's Defense. By Alice Wilson.

This collection of poems on various subjects takes its title from its first selection.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Science and Idealism. By Hugo Münsterberg.

An address delivered by Professor Münsterberg, of Harvard University, before Yale University this spring. This, the third lecture to be delivered by a professor of Harvard at Yale this year, is the result of a resolution made last year by the Corporation of Yale University to invite some professors of Harvard University to speak at Yale every winter.

The Court of Love. By Alice Brown.

A wealthy woman adopts an unusual manner of spending her money. Every one who comes to her home gets what they most desire, if money can buy it. All are placed on the same level and no questions are asked. This arrangement gives the impression that it is an insane asylum, and the name given to it by the neighbourhood is "madhouse." A light plot runs through the story.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Game of Bridge. By Fisher Ames.

This book makes no pretensions at presenting new theories or rules. "It is an attempt to present the subject in the simplest manner, and yet in a systematic and natural order, and in such a way as to interest and instruct the reader in the principles and to familiarise him with the best practice of the game, without burdening his memory with too many rules."

Sandpeep. By Sara E. Boggs.

"Sandpeep," the name given to a beautiful fishermaiden in Maine, tells her own story in "Miss Book," a diary which she has written "to read when she is an old woman." The tale opens when she is but a small girl. She goes to a rich gentleman's home to live as a governess to a stupid boy, whom she afterwards finds to be an impostor. She proves herself a heroine by saving the lives of both the man and the boy and she has a wonderful voice which she is about to use in opera when the hero claims her. Into the story is woven a pen picture of life on the eastern coast of Maine.

Truth Dexter. By Sidney McCall.

This story, which was popular five years ago, is now printed from new plates and is newly bound. Jessie Willcox Smith has made the title-page vignette and there are eight full-page illustrations in tint by Alice Barber Stephens.

John W. Luce and Company:

Foolish Etiquette. By O. B. Hayve.

"A mirror wherein any fool may find clear, concise and conclusive reflections on behaviour under all possible and impossible circumstances." There is advice on such subjects as: How to Behave in a Balloon, How to Conduct One's Self When the Flat Iron Building Blows Over, or in a Divorce Court, and numerous others of a kindred nature. Comic illustrations, by Wallace Goldsmith add to the interest of the book.

The Pilgrim Press:

Letters to Sunday-school Teachers. By Henry Churchill King.

These twelve letters are based on "the great truths of our Christian faith." They are intended for Sunday-school teachers and young people.

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James H. West Company:

Beside the New-Made Grave. By F. H. Turner.

This book aims "to suggest a possible reconciliation between the scientific dictum, *Thought is a function of the brain,* and the religious tenet, *The soul of man is immortal.* It is written in the hope that, by suggesting a new reading of Nature's scripture, it may comfort those who have thus far found therein no promise of a future reunion with their beloved."

What Would One Have?

A Woman's Confession. This is the inner life-story of a sensitive woman "up through the baby-girl days—up through the serious sorrows of childhood's inexperience, misty maidenhood, wondering, dreaming young womanhood, conventional marriage, widowhood, and at last—?" After denying a Creator who brings her such unhappiness, she finds that it is only through sorrow that one finds the "Life abundant—more and most abundant!"

CHICAGO, ILL.

The Blue Sky Press:

The Harper and the King's Horse. By Payne Erskine.

A story told in verse. Full-page drawings illustrate each of the six cantos.

The World Above. By Martha Foote Crow.

A duologue between Jean, a young workman in "The Darker Realm," and Angelica, a daughter of another workman.

Forbes and Company:

Thrills of a Bell Boy. By S. E. Kiser.

Mr. Kiser's new volume of verse is written in the same vein as his "Love Sonnets of an Office Boy." While these verses are laughable, human nature is portrayed in them many times, and a pathetic strain runs through them. Mr. John T. McCutcheon has made the illustrations.

Laird and Lee:

Glimpses of the San Francisco Disaster.

The one hundred and sixteen halftones in this souvenir volume are reproductions from original photographs of various sections of San Francisco at the time of the recent earthquake. In addition to snapshots of localities, important buildings, landmarks, parks, and refugees *in flight and in camp,* there are portraits of the chief officials and photographs from other cities.

The Doomed City. By Frank Thompson Searight.

A history of the great catastrophe that befell San Francisco in April of this year. More than forty half-tone reproductions make the story very vivid.

A. C. McClurg and Company :

"Ground Arms." By Baroness Bertha von Suttner.

The second edition of Messrs. McClurg and Company's re-issue of this novel, the theme of which is a plea for peace. This edition is a great improvement over the first.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

American Baptist Publication Society:

The Masculine in Religion. By Carl Delos Case.

In this volume the author endeavours "to note the trend of intellectual and spiritual life, and foresee, though but dimly, the goal by means of what has already passed into history."

Keywords in the Teaching of Jesus. By A. T. Robertson.

Each chapter of this book was delivered as a lecture in June, 1904, before the Jackson Springs Summer Assembly. The titles are, God the Father, The Son, Sin, The Kingdom, Righteousness, The Holy Spirit, and The Future Life.

Thirty-one Thoughts from an Invalid's Bible. By Mrs. Anna Ross.

The Country Sunday-school. By Rev. Hight C. Moore.

Our Church and Our Creed. By E. A. Woods.

Three pamphlets in the nature of tracts.

The Griffith and Rowland Press:

A Century of Bibles. Edited and Compiled by a Sunday-school Teacher.

This small book gives a history of the Bible for the last one hundred years. It tells the story of the circulation, translations, societies, rare copies, numerous editions, etc.

George W. Jacobs and Company:

The Battles of Labor. By Carroll D. Wright, LL.D.

The many strikes which have taken place recently make this book by Dr. Wright, formerly United States Commissioner of Labour, very timely. It is made up of four lectures delivered before the students of the Philadelphia Divinity School in the course known as the "William Levi Bull Lectures" for the year 1906. The subjects of these addresses are: The Background, In Mediæval and Modern Industry, Great Modern Battles, and How Modern Battles of Labor are Treated.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Consumption and Civilization. By John Bessner Huber.

Dr. Huber presents in this volume a treatise in which he describes the "white plague" in detail, gives its cause, its pre-

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vention, and the means of cure. He has traced the effects which consumption has had upon civilisation, and its relation to human affairs. The American and European sanatoria are described and there is valuable advice upon almost all phases of the disease and its environments. There are one hundred and thirty-one illustrations in the volume.

The Discoverers and Explorers of America. By Charles Morris.

As stated in the title, in this book are stories of the discoverers and explorers of America. Commencing with the story of Leif Ericson, the discoverer of Vinland, Mr. Morris has, in forty different tales, given a history of those heroes to whom the title of "Makers of America" is applicable. These are brought down to the expeditions of Lieutenant Peary. Boys will find this volume very interesting.

The Holy Grail. By James A. B. Scherer.

The author says that he intends the Holy Grail to be the theme that unites these six essays. To the first essay is given the title of Holy Grail, and the quest of the Grail is the motive of the other five. They are: Henry Timrod, Sidney Lanier, The Crusaders, Liberty and Law, and The Century in Literature.

Vir Publishing Company:

What a Young Girl Ought to Know. By Mrs. Mary Wood-Allen.

A new and revised edition of one of the "Self and Sex" series. The book is designed especially for mothers.

John C. Winston Company:

By Love's Sweet Rule. By G. E. Jackson.

The home of Dr. Prior had been ruled by his sister-in-law since the death of his wife, nine years ago, and his affectionate fourteen-year-old daughter had long pined for a mother's love and "for things like other girls." Her happiness begins when Margaret Drake accepts the position as mistress of the home. Her enjoyable visits to Miss Drake's family, the sympathy and love that exist between Marjorie and Margaret, Margaret's noble qualities, and finally, Margaret as Marjorie's mother and Dr. Prior's wife go to make up the story.

BERKELEY, CAL.

The Acorn Press:

Keweenaw. By W. C. Gray.

This little story of the North Woods was originally included in a book of Dr. Gray's writings. It is now issued in this form to give his best work to his friends and to introduce his writings to others.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

The Arthur H. Clark Company:

Pittman's Mississippi Settlements. Edited by Frank Heywood Hodder.

This volume is said to be an exact reprint of the original edition, published in London in 1770. The editor has added the introduction, notes, and index. Facsimiles of the original maps and plans have been included.

Audubon's Western Journal: 1849-1850. By John W. Audubon.

"Being the MS. record trip from New York to Texas, and an over-land journey through Mexico and Arizona to the goldfields of California." Besides giving a vivid pen-picture of the difficulties of an over-land journey to California, the work throws light upon those years immediately after gold was discovered in California. Professor F. H. Hodder, the editor, has supplied complete annotation, and Miss Maria R. Audubon, the daughter of the author, has written a biographical memoir. The work is illustrated.

Personal Narrative. By Elias Pym Fordham. Edited by Frederick Austin Ogg.

Here are recorded the travels of the author in Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, and of a residence in the Illinois Territory: 1817-1818. This work, with the introduction, numerous annotations and index by the Editor, will be found valuable to historical students in general, and particularly to students of Western history. There are facsimiles of the author's sketches and plans.

The German Baptist Publication Society:

Ancient Masters and Jesus. By Wm. B. Hartzog.

The difficulties which beset thoughtful men of to-day in regard to religious belief were dealt with by Greek masters many centuries ago. This work endeavours to give a "brief but comprehensive idea" of the philosophical efforts of these men. Following this is a portrayal of the character and teachings of Jesus.

DES MOINES, IOWA.

The Baker-Trisler Company:

In the Furrow. By Lewis Worthington Smith.

Selections from the poetry of Mr. Smith. The first selection gives the book its title. There are twenty-two others upon such subjects as: Southern Stars, Spring Rain, The Violin, Italy, To Arcady, Summer, Threnody, etc.

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SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of July and the 1st of August.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Vanity Square. Saltus. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. Sirocco. Brown. (Kinnerley.) $1.50.
5. Our Right to Love. Deepen. (Ogilvie.) $1.00.
6. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN,

Second List

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. From a College Window. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.25.
6. The Scholar's Daughter. Harraden. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Silas Strong. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Wire Tappers. Stringer. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The District Attorney. Sage. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Breakers Ahead. Barbour. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. The Man Between. Barr. (Authors' and Newspapers Ass'n.) $.50.
5. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. In Cure of Her Soul. Stimson. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Pratt. Lincoln. (Barnes.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Garden, You and I. Wright. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. From a College Window. Benson. Putnam.) $1.25.
5. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan Co.) $1.50.
3. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
6. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Evasion. Frothingham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

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4. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Throwback. Lewis. (Outing Publishing Co.) $1.50.
5. "Pigs Is Pigs." Butler. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $.50.
6. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.

DENVER, COLO.

1. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. For the Soul of Rafael. Ryan. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. The Dawn of a To-morrow. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Evasion. Frothingham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Throwback. Lewis. (Outing Publishing Co.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. For the Soul of Rafael. Ryan. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. For the Soul of Rafael. Ryan. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Uncle William. Lee. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. "Pigs Is Pigs." Butler. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $.50.
4. The Crime of Sylvestre Bernard. France. (Harper.) $1.25.
5. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. For the Soul of Rafael. Ryan. (McClurg.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
5. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. The Bishop of Cottontown. Moore. (Winston.) $1.50.
3. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Breakers Ahead. Barbour. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $.50. Popular Edition.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. For the Soul of Rafael. Ryan. (McClurg & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Evasion. Frothingham. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

1. The Bishop of Cottontown. Moore. (Winston.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Tracer of Lost Persons. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

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4. The Garden, You and I. Wright. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Truth About Tolna. Runkle. (Century.) $1.50.
4. The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. A Diplomatic Adventure. Mitchell. (Century.) $1.25.
6. The False Gods. Lorimer. (Appleton.) $1.25.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Mayor of Warwick. Hopkins. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Race of Life. Boothby. (Fenno.) $1.50.
5. More Stories of Married Life. Cutting. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Fortune Hunter. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. "Pigs Is Pigs." Butler. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Rock in the Baltic. Barr. (American Authors Ass'n.) $.50.
2. The Man Between. Barr. (American Authors Ass'n.) $.50.
3. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Conniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Woman in the Alcove. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Garden, You and I. Wright. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

RICHMOND, VA.

1. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Breakers Ahead. Barbour. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
5. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. In Our Town. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.

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3. Cowardice Court. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
4. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Nicanor. Taylor. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Uncle William. Lee. (Century.) $1.00.

SEATTLE, WASH.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Quickening. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Pam Decides. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50
5. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Bishop of Cottontown. Moore. (Winston.) $1.50.
6. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Uncle William. Lee. (Century.) $1.00.
5. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Tracer of Lost Persons. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book	standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50. 363
2. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50. 157
3. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50. 152
4. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50. 150
5. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50. 141
6. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50. 97

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